



February 1972

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HENRY OGDEN IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



LARRY IN PUNCH, ENGLAND

"OH,  
SAY, CAN YOU  
SKI?"



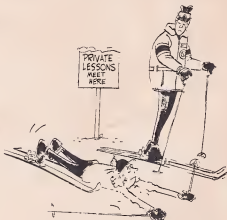
"You're in luck. We  
happen to have a vacancy."

AL KAUFMAN IN LOOK



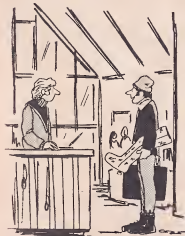
"I have a confession to make,  
Audrey—I...I don't ski. The rack  
is just an image thing!"

JIP BERRY, NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISSE ASSN.



"Perhaps we'd better tighten those  
bindings a bit, Mrs. Craypool."

BOB BUDD IN SKI



"Never mind the  
snow conditions—what are conditions  
around the fireplace?"

JIP BERRY, NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISSE ASSN.



"It always takes  
Fletcher a few days  
to unwind."

JIP BERRY IN PUNCH, ENGLAND



"I just wish I had a little  
more confidence in the instructor!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"They make my feet look too big."

J. MONAHAN, KING FEATURES



"That must be Ralph now..."

PHIL INTERLANDI IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

**W**IDENING his grin and slapping whatever's handy, he leans into you and exclaims, "Life is wonderful, man! There's just *nothin'* better than livin'!" The speaker is Joe Frazier, heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

"The thing about it is, you got to do your own roadwork. Nobody can do it for you," he continues, with the gentleness and the self-assurance of the very, very strong. "Everybody's got some kind of roadwork, preparation, whether you're settin' out to

be a secretary, lawyer, nurse, salesman. If you don't have that roadwork done, nobody can help you. If you *do* have it done, everybody can help you."

The belief that one should give full measure of oneself is the philosophical ladder on which Frazier climbed to the championship last March. He was hospitalized briefly after his epic bout with Muhammad Ali (the former Cassius Clay), and there were rumors of permanent injury. They were false. Today, he continues his daily iron-man train-

## The Champ, Joe Frazier!

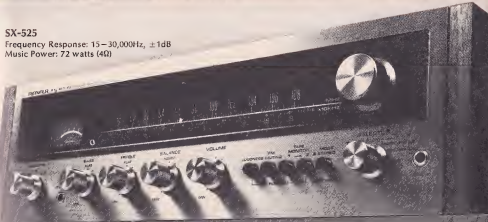
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3844, 3846, 3848, 3850, 3852, 3854, 3856, 3858, 3860, 3862, 3864, 3866, 3868,

ing routine, in preparation for the time when he may want to take on another contender.

Because of something the camera does to him, it surprises everyone meeting Joe for the first time to find that he is handsome, with a high-boned face and that marvelous grin. He does not pontificate. His carefully stated opinions come from having been where only a handful of living men have been—in a 15-round world heavyweight championship bout. "You can map out a fight plan or a life plan," Joe says, "but when the action starts, it may not go the way you planned, and you're down to your reflexes—which means your training. That's where your roadwork shows. If you cheated on that in the dark of the mornin', well, you're gettin' found out now under the bright lights."

**Strong Left Arm.** The lull between challenges is the time to look at a champion and find out what he's really like—the time when he is likely to think back to his beginnings. Joe's parents, Rubin and Dolly Frazier, had a ten-acre farm in Beaufort, S.C., where they raised 13 children (Joe is the second-youngest). For income, they both worked on the large vegetable farms nearby. The family rose at six to cultivate their own land. "We'd get things put together," Joe explains. "Then the kids would go off to school and Dad would go to work. After school, we kids joined him in the vegetable fields. But the greatest thing for me

was that I was my father's left arm."

It was true. Joe became Rubin's left arm, substituting for the one his father had lost as a young man. "Dad would hold a bolt with his right hand and I'd screw on the nut. I'd hold a large chisel to the work; he'd hammer it. He'd start the tractor; I'd steer it. By the time I was seven, he'd taught me to run the tractor myself. In fact, watchin' Dad hold as many as three jobs with one arm taught me something important I'd remember later on."

As a boy, Joe watched the Wednesday-night fights on television. "Our teachers were the best—Sugar Ray Robinson, Archie Moore, Jersey Joe Walcott—all black fighters. We admired Rocky Marciano and those white fighters, but lookin' at the black fighters, men that made it all the way, there was your hope, your chance, right in front of you!"

Young Joe improvised punching bags out of cloth stuffed with rags and sand. Hanging these in trees, he would work so long and hard practicing the TV punches that his mother, far from squeamish about work herself, felt obliged to insist that he rest.

Joe and his childhood sweetheart, Florence Smith, were married when they were in their middle teens. To earn a living, Joe left school and Beaufort, taking a series of small jobs in New York, then going to Philadelphia, where he worked in a slaughterhouse. He sent for Florence and the baby, and moved them

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into an apartment. But boxing was never out of his mind. To keep his weight down, he started getting up at 5 a.m. for roadwork. Evenings, he went to the 23rd Precinct Police Athletic League gym for regular workouts.

**Pride Over Pain.** There he met Yancey "Yank" Durham, a graying black giant, former sparring partner to some of the greats, including Joe Louis. Yank's first love was training amateur boxers, and he noticed the stocky, sweating newcomer hammering the punching bags. "I dismissed him in my mind," Yank says. "He looked like a fat kid with no skill who'd soon give up. Then he kept comin' back and comin' back after a hard day's work. He had character and persistence, which I'll take over raw talent every time."

Durham has a talk he gives to young fighters in his *basso profundo*. "Boxing is bad for you. You can suddenly get killed. Why don't you go back to school? Or get you a nice job?" Joe Frazier grinned—and waited.

"You're a bit on the small side for a heavyweight, but you seem to have a strong left that maybe we could develop," Yank said one day. It was enough to make Joe step up his roadwork from three to five miles every morning. After work at the slaughterhouse, he stayed later at the gym, where he began to hammer out a winning amateur record.

Two years later—Joe was 20—he had won 38 bouts and the right to fight 295-pound Buster Mathis to see

who would box in the heavyweight class for the United States in the 1964 Olympics. Mathis won, but then dislocated his thumb in a sparring session. Florence Frazier found work in a toy factory, and Joe went to Tokyo. There, in a semifinal, Frazier knocked out the Russian entrant, putting himself in the final against the favorite, a huge, broad-shouldered German, Hans Huber.

In the match with the Russian, Frazier had broken his left thumb. He told no one about it; this final was America's only chance for a boxing gold medal. In his room, he soaked his hand in hot water to get the swelling down and to relieve the excruciating pain. His left arm was his best weapon, but he kept thinking about all the work his father could do without any left arm at all. He decided: For a few minutes, what's a thumb?

New York Times sportswriter Peter Wood reported that in the final Huber kept leaning away from Frazier's left. "Had he known the pain Frazier experienced every time he landed that left," Wood wrote later, "Huber might not have been so careful to stay away from it, and the votes of the judges—three to two for Frazier—might well have gone the other way."

**Bull Market.** Joe Frazier, with a gold medal and a smashed left hand, returned to Philadelphia and looked up Durham to discuss the possibility of turning professional. Yank repeated his speech about boxing's dangers and pointed out that every-

one felt Joe was too small to be a successful professional heavyweight. Besides, his left hook might never be any good again.

"Do you believe that, Yank?" Joe asked.

"No. I needed to know if you did."

Joe had to have work to support his family. The Rev. William Gray of the Bright Hope Baptist Church—his pastor, and Yank's—got him a maintenance job in the church. Yank lined up some black businessmen to sponsor Joe as a professional, and he won four fights.

At this point, Pastor Gray introduced Joe and Yancey to F. Bruce Baldwin, a sports-minded, white Philadelphia businessman who was president of the Philadelphia Crime Commission and had once mentioned an interest in forming a boxer-ownership syndicate. With a handful of friends, Baldwin worked out a part-time job for Joe and set up a corporation called Cloverlay—"clover" for luck, "overlay" meaning good odds—to finance short-term Frazier operations on an austerity basis. Eighty shares of stock were issued to sell at \$250 each. "Be prepared to lose your money," Baldwin told prospects. But the \$20,000 was quickly subscribed by one of the oddest mixes ever seen in the fight game: secretaries, doctors, housewives, corporation presidents.

For a relatively short fighter—5 feet 11½ inches, and now weighing about 205 pounds—Joe Frazier began to cast a tall shadow. As the fights became tougher, the purses

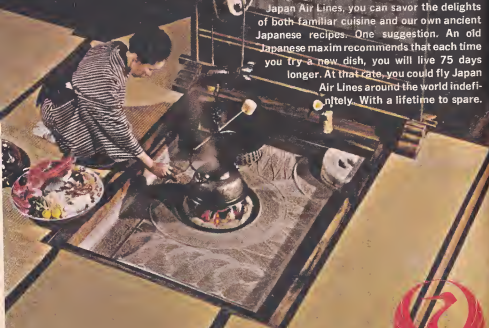
became larger. Rising in value, Cloverlay stock was split several times. Baldwin bought back much of it, which he largely gave away to seven colleges, two hospitals, two churches, Little League baseball, the gym where Frazier trained.

**The Big Bout.** Joe stuck to his prodigious routine: up at 5 a.m. for roadwork; then to his half-day job; then to the gym for four or five hard rounds of sparring, followed by the bags, the skip rope, exercises. If the sirens of rising reputation began to coo, "Take it easier, Joe. You've got it made," Joe didn't hear them. His motivation comes from inside. Nobody had to wake him in the morning or check that he was at work or at the gym on time. Nightly, he read from the leather Bible that Florence had given him years before. Baldwin says today, "I never saw anyone keep his head like Joe."

Then, in June 1967, heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali refused to report for Army service, and the World Boxing Association (WBA) declared his title invalid. Yank Durham had already launched Joe into a series of bouts that would move him to the top of the fighting heavyweights. Since 1966, Joe had won a string of victories against such strong contenders as Oscar Bonavena of Argentina and Canadian George Chuvalo. In 1968, he won the New York State championship (recognized as the "world" title in six states) by defeating Buster Mathis. Finally, he won the WBA crown in a fight with Jimmy Ellis

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## THE CHAMP

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in February 1970. Now, public pressure demanded an answer to the question: Who is the *real* heavyweight champ? At long last, a bout was arranged between Ali and Frazier for the title.

The fight, on March 8, 1971, started like a jump-cut in a motion picture—from full-off to full-on. Frazier was fast enough to slip under Ali's stinging right; Ali was strong enough to absorb Frazier's crunching left hook. Joe crowded in relentlessly, drilling his fiercest body punches, always attacking; Ali, absorbing possibly the worst punishment of his career, defended himself magnificently. But in the last round the left hand of Rubin Frazier finally reached all the way back to Beaufort County for a country punch that knocked Ali down. At the bell, Joe fell into Yank Durham's arms. The big man whispered, "You done it, Joe." The judges agreed, giving Joe a unanimous decision. Frazier's share of the purse: \$2.5 million.

**Champion—For Black Progress.** Joe handles the honors of victory as coolly as he has handled everything else. "I'm still the same Joe," he says. "Can't leave the old fellow back there. Have to bring him right along with me."

He champions black progress where it counts. In an address in his home state of South Carolina shortly after winning the heavyweight title, he said, "I'm pleased to be back home, pleased to be the champion, because it was always my dream to become something people could look



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### THE CHAMP

up to at home. But I feel like there must have been other black men who deserved this honor in the last hundred years before I came by. *Must* have been someone. We need to quit thinking who's living next door, who's my little daughter going to play with, who is she going to sit next to in school. We don't have time for that."

Today Joe's crowded schedule is packed with fund-raising appearances for charitable causes. He is working with Philadelphia officials on plans to take some Frazier fight films and a band he organized called "The Knockouts" to entertain children in all areas of the city. "At the kid level," Frazier says, "we can win this black and white thing. I want to get the whole Philadelphia of kids, white and black, to understand each other. Later, maybe, the whole country."

He always tells kids: "You change the life; it does not change you. Pick work you want to do, and put your mind and body and soul into it. Do your roadwork. Lots of times when I've done 4½ miles and don't want to go that other half, I say to myself, 'Nobody would know but me.' But, brother, that's the last guy I want to fool!"



AT LONDON'S Heathrow Airport, there are a number of signs reading: DOGS NOT ADMITTED. That's nothing unusual, but what is startling is that one sign is set at dog's-eye level.

—Catie Stannett in *Holiday*



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by Fritz Wegner

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A lot of makers went ahead and simply accentuated the positives. Hoping, no doubt, the sales talk would cover up the crosstalk.

Meanwhile, back in the laboratory, we were spending time and money on finding a solution to the problem.

Finally, we present our new RS-275US stereo cassette deck. It has a frequency response of 20-16,000Hz. That's 10Hz

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51ST YEAR

## The Reader's Digest

FEBRUARY 1972

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## This Road Can Be Traveled

Cancer was the intruder.  
The real enemy was even  
more deeply rooted

BY NELLIE PIKE RANDALL

**I**T WAS the last week in January, seven years ago, when my husband walked into the room and, without emotion or expression, without looking at me, said, "The doctor wants me in the hospital tomorrow for some tests. He is almost sure I have cancer."

Then he looked at me, and I wished he hadn't.

"He said that the growth is about the size of an orange and is low in the colon."

*You have cancer? How can that be? You aren't sick. You aren't thin; in fact, you may be a little overweight. You aren't pale or sallow-looking. You do have circles under*

*your eyes, but you've had them for a long time. We've had so much of happiness, of love, of fun and laughter. And I'm greedy; I want more—years and years of tomorrows. But not alone. Never alone.*

I felt a gentle touch brush away the tears on my face, and I heard my husband ask, "Hey! Where are you?"

We went through the motions of eating a meal, avoiding any mention of the intruder who now sat with us and waited. The same intruder was reflected in our eyes as we looked at each other; he stood by our bed that night until there was no rest or sleep.

On the way to the hospital next



day, we made a small detour. My husband has a private pilot's license, and we have a small plane at the local airport. We went there, and stood by the wing—wondering how long it would be before we could take off again, together.

MY ALARM went off at 5 a.m. The nurse had told me to be at the hospital at 6:15 if I wanted to see my husband before he went to surgery. I wasted precious minutes looking in my clothes closet. Then I saw my red dress, the one I had worn for Christmas. Somehow strength and courage got mixed up in my mind. I will have strength; I will have courage—to look at him and smile. Red is for courage.

It was still dark as I made my way to Room 505. The sign on the wall over his bed read: "Patient—Male. Age—45. Special orders: No liquids after midnight." For four days he had been in that bed, being poked and tested, having X rays taken—which confirmed what had been suspected.

Now he sat cross-legged in the middle of his bed. He'd had a sedative, but he wasn't calm—he was mad. Mad and ready to strike out at anyone, and there I was, a ready, familiar target.

"Just where do you think you're going?" He was glaring at my holiday-red dress. "What are you celebrating?"

I couldn't blame him for being cross; he had a tube in his nose and a white towel wrapped around his

head. I wanted to call him Tony the Turk, but in his mood I didn't dare. Then, before I could say a word, two orderlies pushed a cart into the room. "Would you please wait in the hall?"

*Who, me? I will not! I'm not ready to go. I want to tell this Turk how much I love him. Why is it that I can never think of the right thing to say at the right time? There he is, my love, my life, just looking at me. Why doesn't he say something? I'll tell him I love him.*

I take a deep breath and say, "Be good."

With his turban slipping sideways, he scowls and says to me, "You be good, in that red dress."

They push the cart away, and I follow it—right to the elevator door. Just before it closes, our eyes meet. It's all right. We said the right thing.

The hands on my watch point to 12:31. I am numb; I can't let myself think. Suddenly, the doctor comes into the waiting room, a kind-looking man dressed in street clothes.

*Where has he left the blood-stained clothes he wore while he was operating? Red for blood, not red for courage. Does my husband have enough blood left to sustain life?*

I listened attentively while the doctor explained what he had done and why. He looked at me expectantly, but I said nothing. What was there to say? My husband was in intensive care; I wasn't.

I walked down the hall and out toward the parking lot. I felt the

presence of our two married daughters, and then my parents joined us. I went with them to a restaurant, let them put food before me. Did I eat it? I don't remember. Afterward, I do remember standing by my father's car in the parking lot and finally admitting to the day's happenings. The tears started, and I could not stop them. I couldn't raise my hands to cover my face or to wipe away the tears.

My daughters, my mother and father, all tried to comfort me, but I wouldn't let them. I didn't want to be mother. I didn't want to be daughter, or sister, or aunt or cousin, or any of the things I am. I just wanted to be wife.

I had to get back. Back to the closed door of the intensive-care unit, and there I was going to stay. He would know I was there. He would know, and I would know.

I stand outside that closed door—until a nurse says, "Go on in." Now the door is open, but I can't move. I am more frightened than I have ever been in my life.

"Hi, sweetie." It's his voice. He raises his head and looks out into the hall at me. He holds out his hand to me, and he is no different. I am no different. We are still us.

I bend down to kiss him, and tell him, "They got all the cancer; everything else was clear. No sign anywhere." True—but I did not tell him that the necessary severance of the colon had been complete and low, with not enough left to rejoin. He had a new method of body elimina-

tion. But I did not know the words to tell him that. Instead I resorted to words we both knew—words that were true. "I love you. I love you."

AT OUR hospital, there is a rule that you can see patients in intensive care for only five minutes every hour, on the hour. That means 55 minutes that you stand in the hall just outside the door, trying to see inside whenever the door is opened. Finally, I'm there beside his bed again. He is wide awake and talkative. "Hi, honey, how are you?" He doesn't wait for an answer, just goes on talking: "Look at what I've got." He pushes the sheet aside.

I couldn't look; I couldn't. But he was waiting, so I looked.

I started at the bottom. Had the doctor first inserted his shiny knife there? There was no bandage, and this I couldn't understand. That terrible incision: it must have been at least 12 inches long, and it was stitched with black thread and held together with horrible metal clips.

Why black thread and metal clips? My husband moved a little, and I knew why. The strain on that incision was great; one sudden move and, without the restraining clips, the thread would rip and tear, and his insides spill out.

*Okay, I'll accept that. Now what?*

He was still showing me, but I looked at his face instead. I'd lived with this man for 26 years. We'd shared almost everything. I thought I knew him, but he was more than I ever thought. There was no self-

poity in his face, no rebellion in his voice. There was curiosity, interest. And he wanted to share it with me. Always, all our life, it had been that way. He had shown me, taught me, shared with me, and he hadn't changed.

So, I looked again. This time at his left side, just below his belt line, at the opening they had made. (I learned later that this opening was called a "stoma.") Again, there was no bandage—and no visible stitches, no metal clips. Under a clear plastic covering was a small, pink, petal-like opening, about the size of a quarter. That was all. No blood, no terrible gaping wound. He'd had a colostomy, and it looked as if it had always been there; as if he might have been born with it.

He was smiling when I looked up, and he asked me, "Isn't that something?" Then his smile disappeared, and he frowned at me. "You look terrible." *Thanks a bunch, I thought.* "Go home, honey, and get a good night's sleep." *Always telling me what to do.*

They have cut him open, taken out a cancer the size of an orange and a good portion of his colon, handled every organ they could reach, looked at the rest, re-routed one of his life-sustaining functions, made an opening in his side, pulled a section of his intestines through, flattened and fastened it down, sewed him up, and made a pin cushion out of him with needles. He has all kinds of tubes and plumbing fastened to him, is in intensive care—but I should have

known that just as long as he had a heart and a brain he wouldn't change. That body is just a house for the man I love. They can add to, or take away from it, remodel the whole structure, and he will still be in there, intact, laughing out at me from those snapping hazel eyes.

Four days in intensive care, then another 20 days in Room 412. Then comes the good word. The phone at home rings, and my husband's voice sings over the wire: "The doctor says I can probably plan on going home Sunday."

Somehow I made it safely back with my precious passenger that Sunday, through one-lane roads with car-high snowbanks on either side. Then I got stuck—two feet outside the garage—when I stopped the car to open the garage doors.

And, 24 days after major surgery, back from the brink of death, thin, white and exhausted, my husband pushed that car out of the snow into the garage.

He was home. Home, still boss, and master of his fate. He picked up his suitcase, took my hand, and we went through the back door of the house into the room where the word cancer had first been spoken. Our eyes met, and we smiled. We picked up the threads of our lives and started the long journey on the new road.

Why did I write this? As a testimonial to my husband—to his courage, his character, his sense of

humor. But, also, I wanted to let others know that this road can be traveled.

Thousands of people will have colostomies performed on them this year in the United States. For some, unfortunately, there will be no recovery. But for most there will be survival—and the knowledge that they are not alone in making it.

A colostomy is no longer something to be hidden or spoken of in whispers. Just as some people wear glasses, hearing aids, artificial limbs, many other health aids, you have had a colostomy. So what? You are alive and well. You shall not have my pity wasted on you.

Pity? That is a word that I can-

not by the wildest stretch of my imagination associate with my husband. Love, admiration, wonder, pride—these are the things I feel. His colostomy does not run his life; he takes the necessary care of it when he is ready. He fits it into his schedule; he does not fit his life around it. The stoma is there, like an unwanted wart. You know it, but you forget it, and this is good.

Here we are, still together, and seven years have passed. We have conquered the enemy, banished him from our lives. The enemy was not the dread disease cancer. Cancer was the intruder. The enemy was the would-be destroyer of everything. It was fear.



### All Clear?

A LOCAL radio announcer commenting on hazardous driving conditions: "Please don't do any unnecessary driving unless it's absolutely necessary."

—Al Rhodes in Newburgh, N.Y., *News*

FROM an auto-accident report to an insurance company: "My car sustained no damage whatsoever and the other car somewhat less."

—Wayne Luchenow in Fargo, N.D., *Forum*

WHEN reporters asked Under Secretary of State Robert J. McCloskey about the art of decision making, he answered: "One thing you must keep in mind here: that all decisions aren't made until all decisions are made."

—Clare Crawford in Washington *News*

AS THEY watched a TV newscast, a woman said to her husband: "It seems to me that the majority of people in this country belong to some minority group."

—Dave Gerard in *The Wall Street Journal*

MAYOR Richard J. Daley of Chicago, asked by reporters to comment on the trucking strike, offered this comment: "What keeps people apart is their inability to get together."

—UPI

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An article for this series must be a true, hitherto unpublished narrative of an unusual personal experience. It may be dramatic, inspirational or humorous, but it must have, in the opinion of the editors, a quality of narrative and interest comparable to "This Road Can Be Traveled" (page 17) and "Lift-Off From San Francisco Bay" (January '72).

Contributions must be typewritten, preferably *double-spaced*, and must not exceed 2500 words. They cannot be acknowledged and will be returned—usually within eight or ten weeks—only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please do not send documents or photographs. Address: First Person Editor.

Protestant and Catholic, Irish and British—all are enveloped today in a bitter and tragic struggle. Here is an inside look at the causes of the agony—and at the chances of cure.

## Northern Ireland's Bloody Impasse

BY DAVID REED

DAY AND NIGHT, the city is jolted by powerful bomb explosions. Snipers' bullets crack frequently among the hulks of charred buildings standing starkly block after block. Armored cars crammed with soldiers carrying automatic weapons rumble through streets that glisten with shards of glass.

The city is not in Indochina; it's Belfast, capital of the British province of Northern Ireland, also known as Ulster. Urban guerrilla warfare rages here, and senseless death abounds. Three young Scottish soldiers, two of them teen-age brothers, are lured from a pub where they have been drinking beer, unarmed and in civilian clothing. Later, their bodies are found; two

have been shot in the head, the third in the chest. A sniper fires at a passing British patrol, hitting a 17-month-old child, who dies in the arms of her seven-year-old sister. During an altercation, a priest is caught in crossfire and shot dead while giving last rites to a dying man.

From August 1969 to this writing, more than 150 persons, including 43 soldiers and policemen, have been killed. Property damage exceeds \$100 million. In an effort to maintain order, some 10,000 British soldiers have been added to the 4000 already on hand in Belfast and other towns in Northern Ireland, but the situation has only grown worse.

British troops are fighting an old foe—the Irish Republican Army.



At issue: the partition of Ireland. In 1921, at the conclusion of the struggle for independence from Britain, the island was divided between 26 Catholic-dominated counties in the south, which eventually became the Republic of Ireland, and six counties in the north, which had a large Protestant majority and which chose to remain a part of Britain. But the outlaw IRA (it has no official connection with the Republic of Ireland), as well as many Catholics in both Irelands, has never accepted partition, and today it is seeking to spread so much terror that Britain will agree, if only from weariness, that Ulster should be handed over to the Irish Republic.

**Bullets for the British.** The crisis began peacefully enough three years ago with a civil-rights campaign in behalf of Northern Ireland's half-million Catholics, who complained of long-standing discrimination in jobs, housing and other matters at

the hands of the province's one million Protestants. Demonstrators were attacked by Protestant extremists. British troops were sent to Belfast and Londonderry in 1969 to avert a massacre, and were initially welcomed by Catholics as their saviors.

Under prodding from the British government, backed by an outraged British public, the Ulster government carried through—albeit grudgingly—a series of reforms which met all Catholic demands. But Catholic politicians, having tasted victory for the first time in their lives, upped the ante. More important, the IRA emerged from relative obscurity to capitalize on the unrest. Many embittered Catholics came to regard violent IRA tactics as the only means by which they would ever realize their ancient dream of a united Ireland. In turn, these Catholics have come to regard the British army as the defenders of



the status quo and have focused their anger on the hapless troops in their midst.

For the British soldiers, duty in Ulster is a frustrating and thankless task. Crowds of Catholics in the working-class districts of Belfast and Londonderry pelt them with rocks and, on occasion, fire bombs. While a few cases of retaliatory brutality have been reported, the overwhelming majority of British troops have behaved with remarkable restraint in the face of constant provocation. Under strict orders not to return fire if there is any danger of hitting bystanders, the British find that the IRA takes advantage of this by firing from behind crowds. On several occasions when a British soldier has been felled by a sniper, crowds have cheered and chanted, "One down, more to go!" as his body has been carried away by grim-faced comrades.

**Seeds of Bitterness.** Ironically, Britain has no objection in principle to unification of the two Irelands. Both the Conservative and Labor parties say they will accept it if a majority in Northern Ireland agrees. Ulster, moreover, is an economically depressed region; each year, London has to pump in subsidies estimated at up to \$325 million to maintain living standards on a level with the rest of the United Kingdom. The British public has become so fed up with the violence that 59 percent, a recent poll reported, would like to see all troops withdrawn immediately. The Brit-

ish government, however, feels that it has a responsibility in Northern Ireland, and, in the words of one high-ranking British official, does not want to "deliver a part of the United Kingdom to another government at the point of a gun."

Britain's anguish over Ulster has been made all the more acute by the fact that the Ulster government has felt it necessary to introduce a measure which smacks of police-state rule. Nearly 300 Catholics have been interned without trial as suspected IRA members by the Ulster government under the Special Powers Act. Even Catholics who oppose the IRA have been outraged by the internments. Government officials defend the measure as regrettably necessary. IRA members cannot be convicted in court, they say, because witnesses are intimidated into Mafia-like silence.

As of this writing—in mid-November—it seems possible that Britain might choose to meet the crisis by suspending the parliament of Northern Ireland and imposing in its stead direct rule from London. Paradoxically, the Catholic minority would welcome such a move, since it would eradicate the Protestant-dominated parliament. For their part, Northern Ireland's Protestants consider direct rule to be an unwelcome prelude to unification.

So, Britain finds herself back in the old role of serving as policeman on the island that was the first of all her overseas problems. The tragic "Irish Question" has plagued suc-



cessive British governments for 800 years. It began in 1155 when Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman ever to sit on the Papal throne, issued a decree authorizing King Henry II to conquer Ireland. Successive armies crossed the Irish Sea, but it was not until 1603 that the English finally defeated Ulster's Catholic earls, who fled to the Continent. Scottish and English Protestants were then granted land in Ireland in return for their help in keeping the Irish firmly in line—the beginning of a political and economic supremacy of Protestants over Catholics which persists in Ulster to this day.

The next 300 years saw recurring revolts against English armies and Protestant landlords, but each was crushed. It was only in this century that an Irish rebellion really got off the ground. An uprising in Dublin on Easter Monday of 1916 led to further violence, which quickened in tempo after the emergence of the Irish Republican Army in 1919. Britain finally gave in and in 1921 proposed a compromise settlement under which the virtually independent Irish Free State was established in the south (it later severed all ties with England to become the Republic of Ireland), while Ulster remained part of Britain.

Moderate Irish leaders accepted the settlement, but the IRA did not. It has regarded itself ever since as being at war not only with Britain over Ulster, but also with the government in Dublin

for having "sold out" Ireland by accepting partition.

**Prods and Papes.** Today, bitterness between Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland runs so deep that, the story goes, when an Englishman who was a temporary resident wrote "agnostic" as his religion on a census form, the census taker asked, "Sir, would you mind making the answer a wee bit fuller? Are you a Protestant agnostic or a Catholic agnostic?" Yet it is not really necessary to ask a citizen of Northern Ireland his religion. It is enough merely to find out where he lives or works, shops or drinks, or where he went to school. There are clearly defined Protestant and Catholic neighborhoods, businesses, schools and pubs. One glance will tell the stranger whether the residents are "Prods" or "Papes," as they are known in local shorthand.

In Pro areas, the Union Jack or the red-and-white banner of Ulster flies defiantly from homes, warning Papes to keep their distance. Surrounding for generations by hostile Catholics, the Protestants have developed a siege mentality and an intransigent attitude quite out of step with modern times. On holidays, such as July 12, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne,\* Protestants parade lustily through the streets in a ritualistic assertion of the

\*On the Boyne River in eastern Ireland, William of Orange, joint sovereign of England with his wife, Mary, defeated the deposed Catholic king of England, James II, in 1690, thus ending the Catholic "threat" to the British throne.

domination of the Protestant orange over the Catholic green. A large proportion of adult Protestant males belong to the Orange Order, a secret lodge founded in the 18th century to "maintain" the Protestant faith. The prime minister of Ulster's provincial government, Brian Faulkner, is a member, as are most of the men in his cabinet. This does not inspire confidence among the Catholic minority, who call the Orange Order an invisible government. (But, to be fair, neither does the sympathy of many Catholics for the IRA inspire Protestant confidence.)

Protestants have always controlled Ulster's economy. Until recently, employers, most of whom are Protestants, favored Protestants in hiring workmen. Gerrymandering assured Protestant control over many local councils, which tended to favor families of their faith in allocating public housing. And almost all Protestants, from the biggest landlord and factory owner down to the poorest workman, have always voted for the Unionist Party, which has never held fewer than eight of Ulster's 12 seats in Britain's Parliament since 1921, and always controlled the provincial government. In those five decades of democratic tyranny, the Unionists had never named a single Catholic to their cabinets until last October, when they did so under pressure.

Ulster's Protestants put their case this way: "If majority rule means anything—and we are two thirds of the population—we should be al-

lowed to live under a government of our choice. We are not Irish; we are British. Unification with the Irish Republic, whose standard of living and welfare benefits are far lower, would be a terrible injustice. And what we particularly object to is that unification would bring us under the thumb of the Catholic Church, which does not allow anyone, Catholic or Protestant, to get a divorce in the Republic and prohibits the sale of contraceptives."

Meanwhile, Catholic ghettos have tended to grow up around church and school. Almost every Catholic child is sent to a church-run school. (Catholics even run their own reformatories for errant Catholic youngsters.) The churches serve as community centers which, by their very nature, militate against any social contact with Protestants. Catholic homes display pictures of the Pope and of Irish heroes. Catholics tend to patronize stores, business firms and pubs owned by fellow Catholics. While Protestant pupils are taught English history and the significance of the Battle of the Boyne, Catholic youngsters study accounts of the oppression of Ireland at the hands of the English. A consequence: Catholics have become more and more suspicious, more and more indrawn.

Ulster's Catholics sum up their position this way: "The Protestants accuse us of having no loyalty to Ulster, and they're absolutely right. Ulster is rightfully a part of the Irish nation, and we're Irish pure and

simple. The real issue is that the Protestants have always been the top dogs here in the North, and they want to keep things that way."

**Uncertain Destiny.** Is there any solution to Northern Ireland's agonies? As British officers are the first to concede, military measures alone are not enough to defeat the IRA, which enjoys the support of a portion of the Catholic community. But the IRA does not speak for all Catholics. There are moderate elements, including the influential Catholic hierarchy, that favor a non-violent solution to the problem, involving basic political changes to give the Catholics an opportunity to participate fully in the system.

In the long run, however, there will probably never be any real peace in Ulster until it is united with the Republic. Merger will have to come gradually—and through persuasion, not force. Obviously, there can be no quick untying of a knot that has been cinched ever tighter for 300 years. The Republic will have to devise means for accommodating a

large and potentially troublesome Protestant minority in a country 95-percent Catholic. There are bound to be innumerable difficulties; there probably will be more bloodshed.

Still, some links exist between the two Irelands—in railways, power, drainage, fisheries and tourism. Their currencies circulate freely on both sides of the border. Both Ulster and the Republic supply players for an all-Ireland rugby team. When this team plays England, the Prods join the Papes in cheering for dear old Ireland. While they angrily insist that they are British, at heart the Prods are more Irish than they care to admit, and their destiny would seem eventually to be linked not with London but with the rest of the island on which their ancestors have long dwelt.

Nowadays, an optimist in Northern Ireland is described as someone who feels that tomorrow is not necessarily going to be catastrophic—merely "uncertain." That kind of optimism may not be much, but it's a point from which to start.



### On the Move

THE ADVANCE crew of a moving company arrived the first week in January to pack for the young wife of an up-and-coming junior executive, for whom this was the fifth move in four years. As one of the men started to pack a shiny waffle iron, red Christmas ribbon still intact, the wife said, "Please put that near the top of a barrel."

"Sure, lady," he said. "It would be a shame to have a nice gift like this damaged."

"Oh, it's not that," she replied, half-smiling, half-sighing. "That was given to me five Christmases ago, but they always seem to pack it near the bottom and I never get down to it before we're ready to move again."

—Contributed by H. Jackson Dorney

## Now— The Workingman's Diet

Here is a doctor's psychologically satisfying, nutritionally sound eating regimen that not only takes off pounds but also alleviates certain ailments associated with overweight

By SIEGFRIED H. HEYDEN, M.D.

Associate Professor, Department of Community Health Sciences,  
Duke University Medical Center, Durham, N.C.

WITH STANLEY L. ENGLEBART

ONE of the heaviest patients I ever treated was a 360-pound man who had to squeeze sideways through my office door and then stand, because no chair in the room would hold him. Yet the story he told is one that I hear repeatedly from people who are only 20 or 30 pounds overweight:

"I don't like the way I look, and I know these extra pounds are unhealthy. I have tried all the diet fads, and they just haven't worked. Is there any diet that can help me get these pounds off and *keep them off*?"

There is. We call it the "Workingman's Diet" because it's designed

to fit the budget, working schedule and eating pleasure of the average man or woman. The diet combines short periods of fasting for weight reduction with a nutritionally sound 700-calorie daily fare for maintenance of the weight loss.

How did my heavy patient do on this diet? With his bulk, it took nine months for him to reduce to a near-normal 180 pounds. Equally important, he has been able to keep his weight at this level through careful calorie control.

**Of Fads and Fasts.** Overweight is a problem shared in some degree by more than 60 million Americans. Most of them realize that excess

pounds are potentially dangerous to their health—and certainly unattractive. They grasp at every new diet fad that comes along, but few achieve effective and long-lasting weight control. Why?

Most of the fad diets aren't designed for prolonged use. The majority are a variation on the theme of high protein intake with few or no carbohydrates, a regimen which sacrifices the balance of fat, protein, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals essential to good health. Some of these diets rely solely on unlimited quantities of grapefruit and eggs to "melt away" fat—even though there's no scientific evidence that this, or any other combination of foods, will erase fatty tissue.

Lack of variety in the menu is another reason for long-term diet failure. It takes tremendous will power to pick away at a canned diet food or soup meal after meal. And hospital-supervised diets which have proved so successful aren't practical for the average overweight nine-to-five working person.

It was for such people that I devised the Workingman's Diet. The reason that fasting is recommended—and possible—as part of this diet is that overweight is represented by stored fat. The burning of this fat provides energy while producing weight loss. Moreover, going without food for short periods does not harm the human organism—as has been demonstrated countless times by religious fasts, some of which last weeks.

### Calories in Fruits

Apple—1 medium	80
Applesauce, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	50
Applesauce, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	115
Apricots, canned, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	45
Apricots, canned, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	110
Apricots, fresh—3 medium	55
Apricots, dried, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	120
Banana—1 medium	100
Blackberries, fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	40
Blueberries, fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	40
Cantaloupe— $\frac{1}{2}$ (5" dia.)	80
Cherries, canned, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	50
Cherries, canned, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	105
Cherries, fresh—15 large	70
Cherry sauce, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	200
Dates—3 or 4	85
Figs, dried—1 large	60
Grapefruit— $\frac{1}{2}$ small	50
Grapefruit juice, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	45
Grape juice— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	85
Grapes—20	70
Honeydew melon— $\frac{1}{8}$ , average size	60
Lemon juice—3 tablespoons	10
Orange—1 medium	55
Orange juice, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	65
Peaches, canned, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	40
Peaches, canned, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	100
Peaches, fresh—1 medium	40
Pears, canned, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	40
Pears, canned, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	95
Pears, fresh—1 medium	100
Pineapple, canned, sweetened—large slice	80
Pineapple, fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	40
Pineapple juice, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	70
Plums, fresh—1 medium	30
Plums, Italian prune, canned, sweetened—3 medium	110
Prune juice— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	100
Prunes, stewed, unsweetened— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (4)	65
Raisins, dry—2 tablespoons	50
Raspberries, fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	35
Rhubarb, stewed, sweetened— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	190
Strawberries, fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	30
Strawberries, frozen—3 ounces	90
Tangerine—1 medium	40
Watermelon—1 slice (4" x 8")	115

Still, most of my patients worry that the fasting, followed by such a small caloric intake—less than one third the normal intake, and about half the amount that the average

dieter consumes—will affect their health. Not if the 700 calories provide all the necessary nutrients. On the contrary, the diet has benefited patients with diabetes, gout, hypertension and other cardiovascular problems—all of which diseases have a high incidence among overweight persons. I confirmed this personally years ago, and in research programs during the past five years.

Here is what I discovered myself after World War II, when I was a medical student living in Berlin and rationed to about 700 calories a day. Despite the modest amount of food, the lack of transportation which forced me to bicycle many miles to and from school each day, the physical exertion involved in scrounging for fuel, and the long hours of schoolwork and study, I remained healthy, alert and at a constant weight. The same was true of the people around me. Analysis showed why: the 700 calories represented a nutritious balance of protein, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals—with very little fat. I learned that it's not *how much* but *what* you eat that plays a vital role in good health.

**Ready to Launch.** To date, more than 500 overweight people have participated in the Workingman's Diet program under close supervision, and several hundred more have used it on their own. Weekly check-ups of each person in the supervised group have shown an average weight loss for women during the first ten weeks of slightly over 30 pounds,

### Calories in Vegetables

Asparagus, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	25
Beans, green, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	15
Beets, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	25
Broccoli, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	25
Brussels sprouts, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	30
Cabbage, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	15
Cabbage, raw— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	10
Carrot, raw or cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Cauliflower, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	15
Celery—3 stalks	10
Cucumber—12 slices	10
Eggplant, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Kale, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Lettuce, iceberg— $\frac{1}{2}$ head	35
Okra—8 or 9 pods	30
Onions, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	30
Onions—6 small green	40
Parsnips— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	50
Peppers—1 medium	15
Radishes—4 small	5
Sauerkraut, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Spinach, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Squash, summer, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	15
Squash, winter, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	45
Tomato, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	25
Tomato, fresh—1 small	20
Turnips, cooked— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
In case you wish to eat potatoes:	
Baked—1 medium	90
Boiled—1 medium	105

and an average weight loss for men of 40 to 50 pounds.

Almost without exception, hypertensive patients—at least one third of all overweight people exhibit signs of hypertension—have brought their blood pressure down to normal, and therefore reduced their chances of suffering a stroke. Likewise, a number of diabetic patients have returned to normal blood-sugar levels, and those with high blood-cholesterol levels are now within accepted bounds. Several patients with gout have been freed from pain—without the use of

drugs—since their weight returned to normal.

The Workingman's Diet, it must be stressed, is effective only when taken seriously. It cannot be used piecemeal or only when the spirit moves you. It means a new life-style.

First, have a medical examination that includes a glucose tolerance test, cholesterol and uric acid determination, and a blood-pressure measurement and an electrocardiogram. If your physician gives you clearance for the diet, arrange to provide him with a progress report at least once every two weeks, or as often as he suggests.

Then, invest in the following four items:

1. A reliable scale to weigh yourself each morning.\* Anything but a loss or maintenance of a loss should be regarded as a signal to lower calorie intake.
2. A scale for precise weighing of meat, fish and cheese.
3. A pocket-size calorie chart to tell you the number of calories in a given weight of food. Guesses usually veer toward the low side.
4. A supply of multi-vitamins, to be taken daily.

Now you are ready to launch yourself on the Workingman's Diet. First, face up to the 2½ days of fasting called for each week, usually recommended for Friday afternoon through Sunday night. (During "fasting," an unlimited quantity of non-caloric liquids to replace water

\*See "Your Best Weapon Against Overweight," The Reader's Digest, August '71.

## Calories in Meat and Fish

The following calorie values for meat and fish are given for three-ounce portions, after roasting, baking or broiling.

Beef: Chuck roast	180
Porterhouse steak	190
Tenderloin	175
Sirloin steak	185
Tongue	200
Veal: Cutlet	185
Pork: Roast	185
Tenderloin	215
Liver: Beef	195
Poultry: Chicken, broiled, white meat	140
Turkey, roast, white meat	150
Fish and Seafood: Crab meat	80
Lobster, canned	145
Cod	145
Halibut	145
Oysters	75
Salmon, pink, canned	120
Shrimp, canned	100
Tuna, canned, in oil	170
Tuna, canned, in water	110

loss and to satisfy the *psychological* need for nourishment is allowed.) Although most dieters discover that they can get through the weekend without trouble—"It gets easier as you go along" is a phrase I've heard many times—some feel hunger pangs strongly on Sunday night. For these people, I suggest "borrowing" Monday's breakfast. Or, they may prefer to go without food every other day, consuming the 700-calorie diet in between. If you can show progress with a shorter fasting period each week—one day, say—then follow that scheme.

Weight losses after the fasts are usually dramatic. While the largest losses generally occur after the first few fasting periods because of the release of fluid from the fat tissue, I've found that each fast accounts

for an average loss of two to three pounds per week in women and three to five pounds in men.

The Spice of Variety. There are many ways to divide up the 700-calorie diet that maintains your weight loss. Some like to splurge on a big 250-calorie breakfast, while others never have more than juice (eight ounces of unsweetened orange juice equals 110-calories) and coffee for breakfast anyway and save their calories for lunch and dinner. The Workingman's Diet is not rigid about how the calories should be split up—but we do insist on a reasonable intake of food at least three times a day. Therefore we suggest to all patients that they allocate 140 calories for breakfast, 150 calories for lunch and roughly 400 calories for dinner, and we ask dieters to keep a diary record of their intake.

Here are a few examples of what you can do within these allotments:

**Breakfast**—about 140 calories. Choice: one cup of cereal (95 calories) with ½ cup of skim milk (45 calories); or six hard- or soft-boiled egg whites (90 calories) and half a small grapefruit (50 calories); or ½ cup of cottage cheese (about 100 calories) with ½ cup unsweetened peaches or pears (40 calories). Coffee or tea is free (if no calories added).

**Lunch**—about 150 calories. Choice: Vegetable-meat soup boiled with water, herbs and dietary salt (the vegetables in the soup equal 100 calories; one ounce of lean meat equals 60 to 70 calories); or two

pieces of fruit (see the fruit calorie chart, page 30); or tossed salad or vegetable platter (see the vegetable calorie chart, page 31). One example: two small carrots, two inner stalks of celery, ½ medium cucumber, two tablespoons of raw onion, one large tomato, ½ raw green pepper and ½ head of lettuce. With a dressing of vinegar or lemon juice, this comes to about 150 calories.

**Dinner**—about 400 calories. If 300 of the calories are provided by meat or fish (see the meat-and-fish calorie chart, page 32), the remaining 100 calories can be used for vegetables or salad. Especially recommended are sirloin steak, tongue, veal cutlet, chicken and fish.

Of course, all meats and fish should be fat-trimmed and cooked without additional fat. Take advantage, too, of the growing stock of low-sodium and low-calorie diet foods now available; these mean easy preparation and spelled-out measurements. Don't fail to supplement your diet with daily multi-vitamin capsules.

Alcohol, which has no nutritive value, but is high in calories, should be avoided during this diet. We recommend strongly that the following items also be avoided:

- Sodium salt and such products as prepared hams, smoked bacon, tomato juice, mustard, catsup and salad dressings, which contain salt. In addition to being a possible cause of hypertension, salt helps the body retain fluid, which accounts, for many pounds of overweight.



- High-calorie vegetables: dried beans, corn, peas.
- Sugar. A pure carbohydrate, sugar contains no vitamin or mineral nutrients, but does contain 15 calories per teaspoon—calories which should be allotted to food that provides needed nutrients on a low-calorie diet.
- Breads, also carbohydrates.

One of the best times to break the smoking habit is during this diet program. Most overweight smokers complain that they can't stop because it increases their appetite. With the Workingman's Diet, we've found that the reverse takes place. Of more than 100 smokers on our diet program, only 11 failed to break the habit. The likely reason: this diet keeps blood sugar at a balanced level, cutting down hunger pangs.

As a physician, I wish that all those people who are now just "mildly overweight"—20 or 30

\*A person's "normal" weight is considered to be, in most cases, what he or she weighed between ages 18 and 25 (assuming the person was not overweight at those ages). Musculoskeletal growth is usually completed by age 25, and any pounds put on thereafter are generally excess fat tissue.

pounds above what they weighed in their early 20s—would get rid of their excess fat before it becomes a serious medical liability.

Experience has shown that it takes about three months for most dieters to get back close to their normal weight. (And, as a general rule, this diet should not be followed for longer than three months.) During this time they must adhere to the fasting 700-calories regimen. The idea is to get as much out of a broad selection of food as possible without exceeding the daily 700 calories.

Once your target weight has been reached, maintenance is up to you. This means using your scales each morning, keeping to a rigid 140 calories for breakfast, 150 calories for lunch, and adjusting your dinner intake to the morning scale reading. Eventually, you will discover the calorie level that is best suited to you—a level that will help you to stay lean and fit for the rest of your days.

✻ For information on reprints of this article, see page 124 ✻



### Out of the Question

EDWIN S. COHEN, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for tax policy, marvels over the prowess of the Internal Revenue Service in using computers. Still, he was disturbed to find that the computers sent him two sets of 1040 forms, one to his current address and the other to his Charlottesville, Va., home. Cohen wasn't eager to pay his taxes twice, so he asked the IRS computer people to fix things up. Sorry, Cohen says he was told, there was no way to correct the error because it was impossible for it to have happened.

—The Wall Street Journal

## Teeth for the Red Chinese Tiger

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

An authoritative report on Red China's imminent emergence as a nuclear superpower—and what it may mean for the global future

ONE DAY in late 1959, John A. McCone, then chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, was being shown around the Soviet Union's Institute for Joint Nuclear Research in the Moscow suburb of Dubna. Here the foremost scientists and engineers in the communist camp were being instructed in advanced nuclear theory and practice. Among them were a high proportion of Chinese. McCone's guide, a high-ranking Soviet official, confessed concern over the rapid progress of

Chinese technology and the danger for Russia in continuing the collaboration. "The Chinese," the escort said bleakly, "are our future problem. Perhaps yours, too."

Several months later, in mid-1960, the break between Red China and the Soviet Union became complete. Within a year or two, the Chinese were mostly gone from Dubna. What they carried home in their heads, combined with what their colleagues had "borrowed" from other sources, proved altogether enough for China's purposes. Only four years after the break, the Chinese nuclear physicists, who in-

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY is a journalist of long experience who has traveled extensively in postwar mainland China and throughout Asia. In preparing this article, he consulted with high-level officials in the Department of Defense and with distinguished observers in the scientific community.

cluded many alumni of Dubna, set off a highly creditable atomic device. In 1967, they produced the far more deadly hydrogen bomb.

Even now, on the island of Zanzibar in the Indian Ocean, several hundred Chinese technicians are assembling what appears to be a missile-tracking station. A Chinese vessel bedecked with radar-tracking and telemetry gear has been sighted and looks to be ready for a shake-down cruise. From these and other signs, the first full-range test of a Red Chinese intercontinental-range (4000 to 6000 miles) ballistic missile (ICBM) seems imminent. If the missile flies true, China will move up behind the United States and the Soviet Union as a nuclear superpower in the making.

Yet there is much about China that puzzles the Western mind. On the one hand, there is the nuclear giant; on the other, the still threadbare nation of 750 to 800 million people with practically no cars, buses or trucks. Her gross national product is a little more than \$100 billion a year—only one tenth that of the United States, one sixth that of Russia. Her yearly output of steel (about 18 million tons) is barely equal to that of Italy, and her total annual output of electric energy (60 billion kilowatt hours) would scarcely keep the houses of France lighted and the factories of France operating for five months of the year.

How, then, was China, from so meager an industrial base, able to make such a spectacular vault into

the most advanced military technologies? And what does this newfound competence bode for the future of Pacific Asia?

**Pirates of Peking.** Answering the first question is easier than answering the second. The Asian capacity for unremitting toil and ingenious improvisation has long been justly celebrated. China, ruined by decades of civil war and the Japanese occupation but governed after 1949 by a triumphant revolutionary collegium, chose to concentrate its imitative gifts on mastering Western technologies that would make it the foremost military power in Asia.

To get a fast start on the nuclear road, in 1955 she contracted with the Soviet Union for nuclear power and research reactors, as well as technical assistance. China also looked to Russia to provide the industrial underpinnings for her nuclear ventures. By Soviet accounting, its largess included some 400 complete plants plus laboratories, machinery, blueprints. At least 12,500 Soviet and Eastern-bloc technicians served in China, and some 7500 Chinese technicians took advanced training in the Soviet Union.

China, however, did not enter the partnership empty-handed. Of some 200 senior physicists, chemists, mathematicians and engineers whom Peking assembled in the middle 1950s for the parallel nuclear and rocket programs, three quarters had been educated abroad. Nearly half came out of the best U.S. scientific and engineering schools. Dr. Tsien

Hsue-shen, for example, one of the world's foremost authorities on rocketry, was the United States' unwitting gift to Communist China. Trained in aerodynamics at M.I.T. and Cal Tech, he was barred from U.S. programs for alleged communist sympathies. Returning in bitterness to China in 1951, he was soon made the principal scientific adviser for the rocket programs there.

After the 1960 break with the Soviet Union, the Chinese leaders sought elsewhere to make good the technological loss. Small teams of technicians padded through Europe in search of precision hardware to plagiarize—the newest automatic milling machines, electronically controlled lathes, grinders, measuring instruments. Once the technology pirates had settled on a machine or system, they would buy one or two of each, together with an ample supply of spare parts, and arrange for shipment home. In Japan, the Chinese learned the sophisticated techniques used in the fabrication of transistors and integrated and solid-state circuitry—the electronic means for achieving light, compact circuitry for computers, as well as control systems for rocketry.

While the Red Guards rampaged across China during the Cultural Revolution initiated by Mao Tse-tung in 1966 to keep revolutionary fervor ablaze, the army shielded most of the defense scientists in their compounds. It was the teachers in the humanities, the social scientists,

the plant managers who were publicly humiliated and sent into the factories and paddies to toil alongside the workers.

**Building the Bomb.** Starting back in 1961-62, U.S. intelligence closely watched Chinese nuclear advancement by photographic satellites and Nationalist Chinese U-2 reconnaissance flights. When the first Red Chinese atomic device was exploded at Lop Nor on the edge of the Gobi Desert on October 16, 1964, it was regarded as a significant achievement—but not a surprising one. The Chinese have now successfully detonated 12 different nuclear devices, the last in November 1971. By June 1967, they had the H-bomb in hand—a three-megaton device (equal to three million tons of TNT), a true city-destroyer.

"The test sequence suggests that the Chinese scientists have been orderly, frugal and at times daring," says a high U.S. Atomic Energy Commission official. "They made few mistakes."

In a remote area of China, hundreds of miles from the Soviet bases in Outer Mongolia, the Chinese appear to be building a second major nuclear-production complex, big enough to double the current output of the U-235 used in warheads. Such an investment would give China an additional source of nuclear-warhead material far to the south of existing plants, which lie within easy striking distance of Soviet forces stationed in Outer Mongolia.

Six of the nuclear devices tested at

Lop Nor were dropped from TU-16 medium-range bombers, now being produced at the rate of two or three a month in a huge plant originally tooled by the Russians at Sian in Shensi Province.\* By itself, however, the bomber force would present only a minor threat to the U.S.S.R. To possess a commanding nuclear-strike power in Asia, China must also master the missile, at least of the medium (500 to 1500 miles) and intermediate (1500 to 3000 miles) range—the MRBM and IRBM. Here, visibly, the Chinese technical achievement has lagged behind the nuclear.

Rockets at the Ready. In 1970, however, came a burst of activity. Within less than 11 months, Chinese rocket specialists fired an IRBM some 2000 miles into the Sinkiang Desert and also put two satellites into earth orbit. China's first satellite weighed 381 pounds, the second 486 pounds. Compared to the 300,000 pounds of payload which the U.S. Saturn V puts into orbit, these weights are trifling. But as regards China's position on the learning curve, her first satellite was 12 times

\*From plants also started with Soviet help and strategically dispersed across the country, China is now producing supersonic jet fighters adapted from the MIG-19 and the MIG-21, as well as helicopters and training planes. A Chinese fighter-bomber, structurally similar to the MIG-19, but larger and faster, is also in production. In addition, the Russians supplied China with a prototype missile-launching submarine. A hull tentatively identified as that of a nuclear attack submarine was recently sighted under construction in a shipyard on Liaotung Peninsula, in what used to be called Manchuria.

heavier than the first American satellite 12½ years earlier.

U.S. Defense Department projections indicate that the Chinese may attain an initial strike capability with a squadron or so of ICBMs (10 to 25) as early as the mid-1970s—or even by 1973 if development is pushed on a crash basis. MRBMs are already in squadron deployment; these could reach Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines and Okinawa, as well as Outer Mongolia and the Soviet maritime provinces in Siberia. IRBMs now entering initial deployment will reach practically all of the large Soviet industrial centers, including Moscow, and all of Southeast Asia.

Thus, China's strategy at this stage is apparently aimed at countering both the 40 to 50 Soviet divisions strung out along her northern frontier and the possibility of a Russian strike to destroy the Chinese nuclear potential. It became clear as early as two years ago that the threat of Chinese nuclear rockets was beginning to worry the Russians. At that time, U.S. intelligence discovered that the anti-ballistic-missile complex around Moscow was being rapidly filled out along its eastern perimeter with radars and weapons to face likely Chinese rocket azimuths.

Pacific Stalemate? "The Chinese nuclear-warhead technologists are as good as the world's best," says John S. Foster, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Defense and Director of Defense Research Engineering. But China's

industrial technologies—railroads, shipbuilding, vehicles, etc.—are of a lower order. A full 95 percent of China's technological base is of mediocre, even primitive, quality. In general, technology in China is traveling a full 15 years behind Japan—and Japan, investing less than one percent of its gross national product in defense (as against China's nine to ten percent), is widening the gap.

This excessive plowing of Red China's pinched investment capital and skills into military technology is achieved at the expense of her long-suffering masses. Even so, the resulting economic impoverishment imposes definite limits upon her military reach. It rules out, for years to come, any credible likelihood of war across the Pacific between the United States and China. But the weapons fast coming into the hands of Peking's strategists warn us that our ability to curb China's revolutionary mischief-making among our allies and clients is on the wane.

Indeed, China's immediate strategy is aimed at realizing Mao's short-range goal: to make the Red Chinese nation master of Asia. Manifestly, China's lengthening nuclear reach means that the islands off the Chinese coast, which for a quarter of a century have offered U.S. forces sanctuaries and convenient staging areas, can no longer be

taken for granted. A landing in force there in defense of an ally may soon be unthinkable. Premier Chou En-lai has made it clear that China is determined that we shall give up these Asian footholds, and that the withdrawal is not to be accompanied by Japanese rearming. Yet, for the United States to yield to Chou's demands might be to sanction the advent of Communist China's hegemony over the western Pacific and Southeast Asia.

The net result of all this is that China is no longer a "paper tiger," a zero power which, while capable of tenacious self-defense, has been too weak and backward to impose its will beyond its own frontiers. To the long-run Maoist goal of a Peking-supported world revolution of the "have-not" nations has now been added a fast-broadening technological base which is arming Peking's strategists with the most advanced weapons.

What makes China's transformation all the more menacing is that the society being reshaped around these weapons is without counterpart in modern human experience: a whole third of the human mass exhorted to embrace "wars of annihilation," to savor death and sacrifice in the name of proletarian revolution. This is the new danger that awaits U.S. diplomacy on the far Pacific shore.



EVER wonder if whoever invented the boomerang also invented the credit card?

—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

By JAMES DANIEL



## He Manages the U.S. Money Supply

*Meet Arthur Burns, a prime  
influence behind the most fundamental shift  
in U.S. economic policy in 40 years*

THE scene in the hearing room of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress one hot day last July was tense and, as it turned out, historic. On hand to advise Congress on the parlous state of the economy was Arthur F. Burns, a 67-year-old conservative who parts his hair down the center and wears gold-rimmed granny glasses. Burns is chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, America's central bank, and he is also perhaps

our most respected research economist. For 14 months he had been going up and down the country saying that the old folklore cure for inflation—a good dose of unemployment—was not working, and that different medicine was necessary.

For all those 14 long months, whenever Burns spoke up about the need for wage-price controls and tax cuts, a White House spokesman would rebut him. Just two weeks earlier, Secretary of the Treasury

John Connally had pronounced the nation well on its way to complete recovery from the 1969-70 recession, with both inflation and unemployment on the run.

At today's meeting the question was: Would Burns continue to cry alarm? Speaking in a voice that reminds irreverent listeners of W. C. Fields imitating a professor, Burns quickly made it clear that he was not about to lapse into prudent silence. Inflation, he said, was still continuing "at a dangerous and wholly unacceptable rate." Unemployment was painfully high. The confidence of businessmen and consumers was low, and a frightening imbalance of imports over exports added to the dollar's weakness.

Asked for a prescription, Burns said that when he first publicly proposed an incomes policy—in May 1970—a voluntary wage-price review board might then have been enough to turn the situation around. Now, he said, such a board should be set up immediately—with some compulsory powers. He also urged that the federal government move actively to stimulate the economy.

Washington braced for a juicy fight. Rumors flew that President Nixon was "furious" with Burns. After all, Burns had been named by the President to the Federal Reserve Board to coordinate its monetary policy with the Administration's economic game plans. Now here he was, denouncing them and advocating economic heresy.

Yet, three weeks later, Burns was conferring with President Nixon and the White House economic staff at Camp David, helping draft the new plan which the President sprang on the world last August 15—and which Treasury Secretary Connally called the most fundamental shift in U.S. economic policy in 40 years. Though many people had a hand in the change—most notably Secretary Connally himself and George Shultz, Director of the Office of Management and Budget—its underlying philosophy, according to knowledgeable insiders, bore a strong imprint of Arthur Burns. The shift was possible, Burns says today, only because Richard Nixon had the "personal courage and intellectual capacity to see that an old policy was not working and to change it without fear of what critics might say."

**Disciple of Fact.** How does a senior citizen, two years past customary retirement age, go about influencing the economic policy of the nation? Clearly, he must have high personal prestige as well as impressive professional credentials. Arthur Burns has both.

He was born in 1904 in the Austrian village of Stanislau, the son of housepainter Nathan Burnseig and his wife, Sara. When Arthur was ten, the family emigrated to Bayonne, N.J. He was barely 21 when he graduated from Columbia University with not only a B.A. but an M.A. in economics, having made



Phi Beta Kappa while supporting himself as a salesman, postal clerk, waiter and housepainter. He joined the faculty of Rutgers University and combined teaching with working toward his Ph.D. at Columbia.

For the last 38 years Burns has been research director, president and chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research, a New York-based group of scholars who for 51 years have chiefly been responsible for making economics in the United States a science rather than an art. Its exhaustive and impartial studies into the nature of the business cycle, that mysterious alternation of expansion and contraction which characterizes economic growth, have earned it the confidence of economists of all political affiliations. So complete is the Bureau's authority that it, not the federal government, decides when a slowdown rates being called a recession, and when a pickup can be called a recovery—using the multiple statistical series called the “economic indicators,” which Burns developed.

Though recognized as one of the world's greatest living authorities on how to read an economic pulse, Burns is no showoff economist. There is no Burns theory of economics, nor is there ever likely to be. He is primarily a fact man, who collects information about how economic affairs actually operate (instead of how they should work theoretically), arranges the data in logical form, and then constructs general principles squarely on the evidence.

Presidential Pupil. When President Dwight D. Eisenhower brought Burns to Washington in 1953 as chairman of the White House Council of Economic Advisers, the newcomer quickly established a reputation for being able to explain even the most abstruse points of economics in layman's terms. Among his rapt—and apt—pupils was Vice President Richard Nixon. Nixon and Burns developed a habit of keeping in touch by phone and personal visits (and continued to do so serenely even during Burns' public disagreement with 1970-71 White House policy).

As a pragmatist rather than an ideologist, Burns has never hesitated to point out that economic decisions can have political consequences. Thus, in February 1960, after returning to teaching at Columbia University and to his responsibilities as head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Burns warned both President Eisenhower and Presidential-candidate Nixon that the recovery from the 1958 recession was weak and uncertain. Unless Eisenhower asked Congress to cut back on the ruinously high taxes inherited from World War II and to increase government spending, said Burns, the economic charts would be headed down in October, and the Republicans would surely lose in November. The warning was disregarded by Eisenhower, and John F. Kennedy advanced to the White House over Nixon's prostrate form.

In the early 1960s, the victorious

Democrats followed the Burns script—adding a feature that he had not considered: wage-price guidelines. Anticipating in their philosophy President Nixon's current Phase Two program, these guidelines sought to tie wage increases on an industry-wide basis to the average national annual increase in productivity. As practiced by the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, however, guidelines depended chiefly on Presidential jawboning, or arm-twisting, and Burns severely criticized such techniques for their ineffectiveness and as an interference with the free market.

In the late 1960s, Burns again gave a President advice, that was not taken. He was among those who urged Lyndon Johnson to raise taxes to head off the inflation being caused by ever-increasing expenditures in Vietnam and for Great Society programs. Johnson's refusal to risk the unpopular step helped set off a renewed cycle of inflation.

On the basis of this record, President Nixon, who had never forgotten Burns' unheeded advice in 1960, asked him in 1968 to return to Washington as Counsellor to the President. For a time, everybody with an idea about the economy was told, “Clear it with Arthur.” Burns so dominated the White House staff that it was said he was the only man who could silence an entire room by just clearing his throat.

Dollar Doldrums. When William McChesney Martin stepped down as chairman of the Federal Reserve

Board in 1970, President Nixon replaced him with Burns. The President hoped that Burns would aid the Administration's anti-recession policies by keeping the Fed's money supply expanding at a brisk, steady clip. The Fed under Burns did indeed open the money spigots to the highest flow since the 1930s. When the Penn Central Railroad went into receivership in 1970, many businesses were left in a precarious financial condition. Only the prompt action of the Fed in making ample funds available to banks, which in turn loaned money to the stricken institutions, averted what many believe could have been a financial panic.

The Federal Reserve Board's handling of the Penn Central crisis brought reassurance to American and world financial leaders. Still, the U.S. balance of international payments was continuing to worsen. Instead of staying obediently here at home, millions of dollars skipped overseas in anticipation of imminent dollar devaluation. And businessmen showed little interest in investing those dollars that stayed home because the profit share of the U.S. economic pie was at its lowest level since World War II. Moreover, consumers were too scared about possible further layoffs to buy at their usual rate.

Burns began saying that what the country needed wasn't more money but more confidence to invest and spend the money it already had. A government-imposed wage-price

review board was his solution. In abandoning the Administration's position that *indirect* government fiscal and monetary controls are enough, Burns was aware that he was eating the harsh words he had written earlier criticizing wage-price guidelines. But, as he wryly recalls, "There comes a time when a man realizes that not everything he has written is inscribed on granite."

**The Key: Productivity.** Now that virtually everything Burns recommended, and more, has been done, how does it feel to have been the man who had such a major influence in turning the U.S. economic game plan around? "I don't think I did it," says Burns. "It was the logic of the facts themselves that decided." Does he see wage and price controls continuing as a permanent thing? "No. The wage-price freeze was an emergency measure designed for an emergency situation. The object of Phase Two is to allow business and labor to return to a situation where wages and prices can be set on the basis of supply and demand. But that means there will have to be more competition."

Are American wage and salary earners condemned to a future of

very limited increases in income? "No," says Burns. "It is important to distinguish between money income and real income. The first is the number of dollars in your paycheck, the second is what those dollars will buy after taxes. In recent years, while their money incomes were going up, many millions of American families have actually lost ground economically. That we have to stop.

"This is not to say that we have to give up the hope of pay raises except when a person is promoted into a higher job. Productivity in the American economy—the output per man hour—has tended to go up at a rate of three percent a year, and with good economic management we can hold it at that rate or even increase it. In any event, that is all we have to distribute, and wage increases of ten percent a year are simply a monetary illusion. The average of incomes cannot increase faster than the increase in the nation's productivity."

And how is our productivity increased? "There's no sleight-of-hand solution," says Burns. "We must all strive to be more efficient, more innovative, and work harder."



**Did You Hear . . .** about the fancy new restaurant on Wall Street—they refer to hash as conglomerate (*Morty Gunty in Parade*) . . . about the Los Angeles radio show dedicated to the pollution problem—15 minutes of dead silence (*Dave Madden in Parade*) . . . about the Stock Market Cocktail—it goes down easily (*Mickey Porter in Akron Beacon Journal*) . . . about the plant in the math teacher's room—it grew square roots (*Red O'Donnell in Nashville Banner*)

Condensed from CHICAGO TODAY

## How to Write a Good Want Ad

EARL AND MIRIAM SELBY

**N**EARLY everybody needs the services of a good want ad at some time, whether it be to find a job, sell a house, recover a lost pet, draw a crowd to a garage sale, unload an old car, find a cross-country ride, or even to get some sleep. Witness one Californian's ad and its unspoken plea:

FOR SALE: Nice dog. May be heard between 1 and 5 a.m. Inquire next door.

Each year, we Americans spend an estimated billion and a half dollars on classified want ads. They can be funny, sad, sober. But all have one goal: results. In Chicago, the parents of a 15-year-old nephritis victim found a kidney donor through a want ad. In Miami, a rock-music group had a sell-out

season after an ad recruited the cool drummer they needed. In Oklahoma City, a man with a two-line ad costing \$1.16 per day offered three oil tankers for \$48 million, while a personnel service in Los Angeles used an ad to locate a German-speaking Chinese sailor.

To help *you* be equally successful, experts who have spent years studying classified advertising recommend these basic rules.

**Think before you print.** Too frequently, want ads are placed on impulse, with little advance consideration. People phone in ads to sell cars without knowing the mileage, the accessories, the year, the model. A good way to begin is to read other want ads. They'll help you to avoid

## Jodi and the Bomb

JERRY DELLA FEMINA

I am writing this at 4 a.m. while sitting in a waiting room at New York Hospital. In a crib 50 feet away, my three-year-old daughter, Jodi, is sleeping—with her hands tied to her sides to keep her from touching the 100 stitches in her face. You see, Jodi made a terrible mistake a few hours ago. Almost a fatal mistake. She trusted the world of grownups.

Like a million other three-year-olds all over the world, she took her mother's hand and walked out with her to play in the park. They walked past a building where a young militant had just placed a 15-inch pipe bomb. I guess it was bad timing on Jodi's part, because she passed the building as the bomb went off.

The blast sent a rain of jagged glass into her tiny face. Now we all

know that the militant didn't set out to injure Jodi. No. What he was looking for was "justice." My little girl got in his way. Some people will tell you that Jodi, being a three-year-old member of the establishment, was at fault. Because when a man is looking to right the wrongs of the world with a bomb, it's your fault if you get in his way.

The revolutionaries of this world will tell you that the man who placed the bomb was merely choosing his way to be heard; that Jodi is just paying "dues" for several hundred years of oppression. A lot of people can give you a lot of good reasons, as they see it, for throwing bombs, and killing cops, and burning, and rioting, and looting and hating.

Just before I sat down to write this, I walked into Jodi's room. She smiled with her ripped-up lips and said, "Daddy, I ran and I fell."

You see, Jodi doesn't know what a bomb is or what it does. She still thinks she fell and cut herself. For a second, I wanted to explain to her what had happened, and then I realized how ridiculous it was. So I did something I haven't done since I was a kid. I cried.

How do you explain a bomb to a three-year-old? How do you tell a child that a man took dynamite and buckshot and made a bomb that blew up and ripped her face? That he did it in the name of "justice" and "freedom"?

How *can* you explain? I can't.

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2 hours available for scheduled maintenance for every hour flown. Your Cathay Pacific jets are boarding now. On-time.

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A troubled look at parents who, with kindest intent, urge their children to miss the most wonderful years of their lives

BY JOYCE KISSOCK LUBOLD

Author of

"THIS HALF OF THE APPLE IS MINE"

## Where Have All the Children Gone?

**Y**OU REMEMBER the Red Queen. She's the one who took Alice by the hand and dragged her at top speed through the Looking-Glass wonderland, crying all the

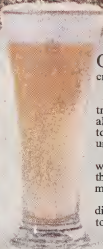


time, "Faster! Faster! Don't try to talk. Faster!" She was a fine, funny, imaginary character to children who read her story years ago.

But I'm willing to bet that chil-

dren today don't think she's so funny—or so imaginary, either. Because the Red Queen has stepped out of her storybook and passed along her "hurry-hurry-hurry" habits to every parent in the country. If we make ourselves stop for a moment and think—which isn't easy, what with all the rushing that's going on—we will realize that almost every influence that bears upon our children seems designed to push them into adult shoes just as fast as they can stumble into them.

The word "childhood" used to conjure up a pleasant picture of long, lazy days, and amusing episodes of mischief. Today every parent knows that after school there must be "enrichment" in the form of music lessons or competitive sports. There are



Over a century ago, a brewmaster called Wagner created a masterpiece of a beer.

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no long, lazy days any more. As for the mischief of childhood, it isn't called "mischief" now. It's called "disorientation with the environment," which leads directly to "incipient delinquency," and nobody finds it amusing.

In fact, children are not called "children" any more. They're all "pre-" something or-other. As soon as a baby is ready to get out of the playpen, he's called a "pre-schooler"; by the time he is school age we tug him by the wrist again and call him a "pre-teen." Then, when he reaches his teens, and has to cope with the complex problems of adolescence, we still won't let him go at his own pace, but tell him he's a "young adult" and ask him testily why he doesn't act his age!

*("Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.*

*"Nearly there?" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago. Faster!")*

A gadget called a junior computer is designed, so the advertisements tell us, to clarify the base-one system for children in the pre-computer-concept years. Another gadget, called a "pre-bra," is designed, I can only assume, to clarify the bosom concept for girls in the pre-bosom years!

It is sobering to think, too, about the toy sensation of the past few years, called a "teen-age doll." It is a skinny, sullen-faced manikin with an almost infinite number of accessories, from a mink stole to a ranch-style house. As a matter of fact, the

only thing any little girl can do with this doll is to buy accessories for it; she certainly can't cuddle it or rock it to sleep. So we teach a loving little girl that loving isn't important, but buying things is, and we let even her doll tug her by the wrist, pulling her toward the time when she can have a mink stole all her own.

We push our boys, too, whenever the average parent looks at an average third-grade arithmetic paper. "If you can't get better marks than this," we say, "you'll never get into college. And if you don't get into college, you'll never get a high-paying job." And so we send him off with the weight of the adult world pressing on his shoulders. It can't sound like much of a world to him, either. Our stress on the outward signs of success teaches him that it isn't what you do that matters, it's what shows; not what you learn, but what marks you get. So the Red Queen in all of us pulls him along. "Faster! Faster! You've got to succeed. Get smart. Get with it! *Hurry!*"

It's easy to laugh at these small examples of how the Red Queen affects our children's lives. We tell ourselves that one or two symptoms of the disease don't mean a thing. But when we face today's statistics on teen-age marriage and teen-age unwed parenthood, we can't laugh any more. It is clear that our young people no longer are just exposed to the disease. They've got it. All through the short years of their childhood we've told them to grow

# Look, no lumps!



**Proof that Instant Nespray dissolves completely, in an instant, even in icy cold water.** We took a glass of icy cold water. As cold as we could make it. Then we stirred in three spoonfuls of Instant Nespray. In an

instant it was dissolved completely. As proof, we poured it through this strainer. And look! Not one lump! Just fresh, smooth, creamy milk to the last delicious drop. Prove it yourself with Instant Nespray.



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up as fast as they can. So when we call a teen-ager a "young adult" he decides he'd better go out and act like an adult. But a young man's idea of adult living too often is like a child's idea of a racing car—all go and no brakes. And so children race into adult responsibilities, all go and no brakes.

Perhaps the most tragic result is that so many young people miss one of the best times of anyone's life: a free-wheeling time when a girl can spend all afternoon deciding to write a poem, or all summer deciding whether she wants to be a physical therapist; when a boy can ride a motorcycle to Seattle, or settle down to a careful comparative study of blondes as opposed to red-heads, without feeling that he has to make up his mind right away. It's a lovely time of life—and a terrible time of life to get married!

And yet, because the adult world permits a social structure which encourages high-school boys and girls to "go steady," or be considered a failure, children of high-school age, gallant and gay in their youth, decide to get married and play house. And a little later the same children, less gay, start playing divorce.

Most adults know that the standards we allow our young people to follow are not true standards. Yet as we see tragedies striking up and

down the streets of our towns, or when we feel the weight of such a tragedy in our own family, we look at one another in bewilderment and say, "Whose fault is it?"

It's time we looked at our own actions and admitted that it is *our* fault. We have held these young people's hands tightly in our own, urging them on. We must realize, too, that we won't free them from the senseless urgings of the Red Queen until we get her "hurry, hurry, hurry" out of our own lives as well. The children hear and see us daily racing along, never pausing to savor the present, always looking ahead to some future time.

But we *can* let go of the Red Queen's hand. All we have to do is stand perfectly still for a moment and see the sharp beauty of this day, this hour. Then we can let our courage and our conscience catch up with us. For courage will give any parent the strength to hold the world's pressures from our children until they are old enough and strong enough to carry them, and conscience will remind us that this kind of protection is the most important part of any parent's job. Let's begin to insist that the children be children for the very short years of childhood, and put the Red Queen back into her storybook, where she belongs.

A CALIFORNIA motorist groaned: "I'm worried about my car. If I don't trade it in pretty soon, I'll own the darn thing!"

—Al Baumeister, quoted by Herb Caen in *San Francisco Chronicle*



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a head start

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NEW CORTINA '71 - MORE CAR BETWEEN THE WHEELS

*Compact, economical and potentially almost non-polluting, this remarkable engine looks as if it's at last coming of age for automobile use*

## Watch Out for the Wankel!

*Condensed from NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE  
GEORGE ALEXANDER*

**T**HE hottest thing on wheels these days is also on wings.

And on boats, snowmobiles and power tools. It is the Wankel rotary engine—an internal-combustion apparatus that is more compact, lighter and mechanically far simpler than a reciprocating piston engine of equivalent horsepower. These are precisely the sorts of advantages that appeal to engineers; and, judging from the increasing number of firms around the world that are taking out licenses to manufacture this German invention, it seems safe to predict that there's a Wankel in your future.

Wankel engines come in a surprising range of sizes and power output. There is, for example, a Lilliputian Wankel that weighs only 14 ounces and produces exactly half of one horsepower—just right for model airplanes. At the other end of the

scale there is a 400-hp Wankel, which is virtually identical in its basic design and functioning to the model-airplane engine, but which can rocket the Mercedes-Benz C-111 sports car at speeds up to 190 miles per hour. In between, there are Wankels from 6 to 200 hp that power boats, garden tractors, industrial pumps, lawn mowers, compressors and propeller-driven aircraft. But of all the many uses now being found for the Wankel, the one that is likely to have the most significant impact on the greatest number of people is in the automobile.

**The Little Engine That Could?** Why this sudden interest in the Wankel, an engine conceived in 1954 by German inventor Felix Wankel? In large part because it provides a possible solution to one of today's more pressing environ-

mental problems—that of automobile exhausts.

When Congress passed the 1970 Clean Air Act Amendment and imposed rather stringent standards for automobile exhausts, to take effect with the 1975 and 1976 models, the automobile industry had to grapple with two key questions: How were the emissions to be controlled—inside, or outside, the engine itself? If outside, where were the exhaust-cleaning devices to be put? The front end of any current American car is so crammed with equipment that it sometimes takes a surgeon's skill just to change spark plugs. Small wonder, then, that automotive engineers blanched at the prospect of having to find room for additional mechanisms to control emissions.

Here the Wankel suddenly became attractive to the U.S. automobile industry—even though it had a reputation as a "dirty" engine. Its compact size and high power-to-weight ratio meant that a smaller, but still powerful, engine could be installed beneath the typical hood of an American car, thereby freeing space that could be given over to emission-control devices. Moreover, the Wankel's peculiar emissions happen to be particularly suitable grist for such exhaust-control devices as the thermal reactor (an afterburner)

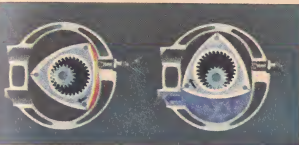
or the catalytic converter (a device which removes hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide).

Ironically, in the early 1960s, the major U.S. automobile manufacturers (Chrysler, Ford and General Motors) had looked at the Wankel and rejected it as The Little Engine That Couldn't. Specifically, they said that the rotary engine couldn't curb its excessively smoky exhaust, couldn't match the fuel economy of a reciprocating piston engine and couldn't be mass-produced at a reasonable cost. These objections were all too valid at the time, and they came close to landing the Wankel in the junkyard of impractical inventions.

Detroit's rebuff acted as a goad, however, to the Wankel's developers—the basic patent holders, Audi NSU Auto Union AG (a subsidiary of Volkswagen) and Wankel, Inc.—and their first licensee, the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. Throughout



(1) **Intake.** When the leading edge of the rotor face sweeps past the inlet port, uncovering it, gasoline and air from the carburetor rush in, until the trailing edge moves over the port, shutting off flow. (2) **Compression.** As the rotor continues to turn, it moves down the almost flat sidewall, squeezing the air-gas mixture. (3) **Ignition.** At the moment



of greatest compression, the spark plug fires and the gases are ignited, expanding and thrusting with great force against the rotor face, causing it to continue its clockwise rotation. (4) **Exhaust.** As the rotor face's leading edge moves up the other sidewall, it uncovers the exhaust port and the high-pressure gases are swept out.

the '60s, the German and American companies worked to correct the engine's deficiencies and make it acceptable to Detroit.

**Over the Hurdles.** The Wankel has only two major moving assemblies: a three-sided rotor and a main shaft. The rotor performs all the functions of the piston in a reciprocating piston engine\*—drawing in a fresh air-gas mixture, compressing it, capturing the force of the exploding, expanded gases like the blade of a windmill catching the wind, and sweeping the burnt gases out of the rotor's housing. (See the accompanying diagrams to follow one face of a rotor as it travels through a 360-degree revolution in the engine. Remember that the other two faces meanwhile duplicate the same steps—there is very little wasted energy in a Wankel.)

\*That engine derives its name from the repeated back-and-forth motion of a piston inside a cylinder.

In fairness, it should be pointed out that there are other moving parts in a Wankel (such as gears), but still far fewer than in a conventional engine of comparable horsepower. A contemporary American V-8 engine of 195 hp has 1029 parts, 388 of which move; its 600 pounds-plus weight is housed in a block that occupies 15 cubic feet

space. A 185-hp Wankel has 633 parts, 154 of which move; it weighs only 237 pounds, and occupies a scant five cubic feet.

Unlike a piston, which must come to a complete halt every time it reverses direction and requires a connecting rod and crankshaft to convert its up-and-down motion into torque (rotational force), the Wankel rotor continually captures the force of expanding gases and applies it directly as torque to a main shaft. One full rotation of a rotor provides three power impulses (one from each face) to the engine's main shaft, while one complete cycle of a reciprocating piston yields only one power stroke.

Encouraged by these built-in advantages, the Wankel proponents set to work to solve the problems of the engine's poor fuel economy and its polluting emissions. The latter required considerably more effort to overcome than did the fuel con-



sumption problem.\* In 1968, Curtiss-Wright awarded a contract to the University of Michigan's College of Engineering for an independent study of the engine's emission characteristics, and provided a rotary engine and a thermal reactor for the experiments. The project's principal researcher was Dr. David E. Cole, an associate professor of mechanical engineering at the university and the son of G.M. president Edward N. Cole. The Michigan researchers soon learned that the Wankel without any pollution controls was about as smoky as wet firewood. Compared with a reciprocating engine (also lacking controls), the Wankel gave off nearly twice as many hydrocarbons, about the same amount of carbon monoxide and less oxides of nitrogen.

The Wankel, they discovered, tended to be at its dirtiest during start-up and at low speeds. But they also found that the hydrocarbons fell off by about 25 percent when the carburetor was adjusted to a very lean mixture (17½-to-1, air to gasoline) and dropped at least 50 percent when the thermal reactor was attached to the engine's exhaust port.

Finally, the Curtiss-Wright team knocked down the argument that the Wankel would be too expensive to manufacture. With the assistance of various subcontractors, Curtiss-

\*Curtiss-Wright's latest Wankel engine modification gets between 15 and 17 miles per gallon of gas—not greatly different from a standard piston engine of comparable horsepower.

Wright engineers went through Wankel's design part by part, looking for ways to simplify, consolidate or even eliminate components and weight. At the end of an intensive 13-week effort, the Curtiss-Wright people were confident that they had cleared the last hurdle, and they began courting G.M. assiduously in 1968.

On November 10, 1970, the world's largest auto maker agreed to pay \$50 million to NSU, Wankel, Inc., and Curtiss-Wright over a five-year period for the nonexclusive, worldwide rights to explore the engine's potential for all applications except aircraft. (More recently, Ford has been said to be negotiating to buy an equity position with a Japanese manufacturer, Toyo Kogyo Co. Ltd.; rights to manufacture the Wankel would be a part of the deal.) "The real significance of that contract was that it should dispel any doubts about the merits of the engine," says William T. Figart, general manager of Curtiss-Wright's rotary-engine efforts. An executive for one of G.M.'s rivals put it a little more bluntly: "G.M. doesn't lay out \$50 million without some expectation of getting it all back—and then some."

As Much for Less. Clearly, the rotary engine now presents a serious challenge to the reciprocating piston. When matched not long ago against a 195-hp piston engine mounted in an American-made hardtop, a 185-hp Wankel in an identical car turned in a creditable performance:

• *Acceleration from a starting position:* The Wankel hit 60 mph in 13.6 seconds, the piston-engine car in 17.9 seconds.

• *Top speed:* The Wankel managed 105.8 mph, the piston car just 93.3.

• *Passing:* From a point 50 feet behind a 50-foot-long truck and traveling at a speed of 50 mph, the Wankel-powered car took exactly 10 seconds to pull out, pass the truck and return to the right-hand lane 100 feet ahead of the truck. The piston car required 11.8 seconds to do the same.

I recently drove a sleek sedan built by NSU and owned by Curtiss-Wright at speeds up to 70 mph. The Wankel engine seemed to respond quickly and positively, almost eagerly (and gave off an odd buzz, sounding something like a sewing machine). At no time did I have the impression that the car was straining. But other than the absence of vibration, I had to admit that there was no single large difference between driving a car with a Wankel and a car with a piston engine. Figart believes that the biggest difference the owner of a Wankel-powered car will see is lower maintenance costs, simply because

there are fewer parts to go wrong.

When will the average motorist have the opportunity to sit behind the wheel of an American-made, Wankel-powered automobile? \*\* General Motors flatly refuses to discuss either its current work on the Wankel or its future plans for the engine. Nevertheless, those close to the industry are optimistic.

"I'd say there's a 75-percent chance that by 1980 the predominant American auto engine will be a Wankel," David Cole says. "And while it will be an essentially pollution-free engine, I personally don't think that that is going to be the deciding factor. Economics are more important." Figart estimates that the Wankel can be manufactured at a cost anywhere from 15 to 35 percent less than that of a current piston engine.

And when G.M.'s president, Edward Cole, was told recently that one writer had predicted that G.M.'s Wankel would be powering the firm's 1976 models, he just grinned and said, "I think he was being conservative."

\*Toyo Kogyo Co. Ltd., which negotiated a production license with NSU in 1961, is even now marketing a rotary-engine car called the Mazda on the U.S. West Coast, and hopes to market nationwide within the next 18 months.

Q. and A.

A YOUNG Houston doctor and his wife were returning from an extensive tour through Europe, during which they had made many of the fabulous trips the Continent offers. As they were going through customs, an officer asked routinely if the doctor had anything to declare. "Yes," he answered. "Bankruptcy."

—Contributed by Mrs. Robert E. Gustafson

*View at Arles With Irises.*  
*"A little town surrounded by*  
*fields all covered with yellow*  
*and purple flowers; like a*  
*Japanese dream. The subject*  
*was very beautiful and I had*  
*some trouble getting the*  
*composition"*

BY WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE

# The Enduring Passion of VINCENT VAN GOGH



*Self-Portrait Before  
Easel. "It isn't an easy  
job to paint oneself.  
One seeks after a deeper  
resemblance than  
the photographer's"*

AT THE Brooklyn Museum last spring, an eight-week showing of 114 paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh drew a record-breaking quarter of a million people. Somebody asked Thomas S. Buechner, then the museum's director, why he thought so many men, women and youngsters

—a cross section of America—had queued up in World Series-type lines, as they had earlier in San Francisco and Baltimore. His thoughtful reply: "Because this artist has become a legend—and because his work lives up to it."

Buechner went on to explain. "Consider the drama of Van Gogh:

zealous preacher turns clumsy artist, paints crawling landscapes which nobody buys, finally commits suicide.

"Consider his historical impact: the art establishment of his time failed to recognize him, but almost everything he did has been recognized since, and his works have

probably been reproduced more often than those of any other artist. In sum, we realize now that his pictures are as exciting as his life—and so spontaneously painted that the magnitude of his personality is immediately felt."

Dozens of other artists were better draftsmen and colorists, chose



THE PAINTINGS REPRODUCED HERE AND THEIR CAPTIONS, EXCERPTED FROM  
VAN GOGH'S LETTERS, ARE ALL FROM THE LAST THREE  
YEARS OF THE ARTIST'S LIFE, 1887-1890.



*Berceuse.* "Talks about the fishermen of Iceland, their mournful isolation, exposed to all dangers, gave me the idea to paint a picture in a way that sailors, seeing it in the cabin of their boat, would have the sense of being rocked and remember their own lullabies"

more appealing subjects (Van Gogh painted his own old shoes several times, and produced no fewer than 40 self-portraits because he couldn't afford to pay a model) and conceived more compelling compositions. But everybody can see that Van Gogh, exactly the opposite of a cool academician, forced his whole tortured heart and soul onto the canvas. Such involvement speaks directly to today's world.

Although Van Gogh sold only one of the more than 1600 paintings and drawings that he produced—and that one in the last year of his life, to a fellow artist for \$80—his "Cypress and Flowering Tree" changed hands at public auction in February 1970 for \$1.3 million. This year, when the Netherlands government completes the four-story Vincent van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam, he joins a handful of artists who have entire museums devoted to their works.

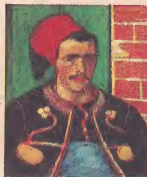
During his creative period, which lasted a mere ten years, Van Gogh sent most of his work to the only person who believed in him—his understanding younger brother and

patron, Theo. These paintings (a selection from the best-known appears on these pages) were all recently turned over to the Dutch government by the Vincent van Gogh Foundation and by Theo's son, now an 80-year-old retired engineer who was named Vincent after his then virtually unknown uncle.

Although Vincent's namesake was still an infant the few times he saw the painter (and about a year old when his own father died), the spirit of Vincent van Gogh has pervaded his life, first through tales told by his mother, then through the paintings themselves. One of his earliest memories is of his uncle's early masterpiece, the som-

ber group of peasants at dinner called "The Potato Eaters": for years it hung appropriately in the Van Gogh dining room. He writes warmly of his uncle:

"Vincent's portraits get their liveliness from the fact that he considered himself a worker like the people he depicted. He did his best to discover what was noble and dignified in his model and to render



*The Zouave.* "It's a savage combination of incongruous tones, not easy to manage. It teaches me something, and above all that is what I want of my work"

*Vincent's House at Arles.*  
*"I've taken the right wing of this complex . . . I shall*  
*see my canvases in a bright interior. I think I can promise*  
*that the drawings will get better and better"*

that. The vision radiating from his works includes love of humanity, family life and close relationships with others.

"Painting must have been for him a defense against his inner turmoil. It was as if he wanted to tell the public, 'Look how beautiful my world is! I am concerned with the good side of humanity only.' It required great will power and much struggle to suppress his feelings of anxiety. All his tenacity had to come from within, for he received little support from the outside world. The appeal of such a human effort is not restricted to any time or country."\*

Art and religion were always twin obsessions with Van Gogh. Born in 1853, the eldest son of a Dutch minister, he wrote years later: "There is something of Rembrandt in the Gospel, and something of the Gospel in Rembrandt." At 16, he started working for a firm of conservative art dealers, first in The Hague, then in London and Paris. Disenchanted at 25, he took up lay preaching in a desolate mining area of southern Belgium. The poverty there so upset him that he began giving away his food and clothing indiscriminately, and his alarmed superiors dismissed him for "excessive zeal."

Only then, at the age of 27, did Van Gogh start devoting himself to

art—studying in Belgium and Holland. He lived for a while with Theo in Paris, where he shared ideas and quarreled with leading Impressionists and post-Impressionists, then moved on to Arles in the south of France, where he produced some of his most prized paintings.

Unfortunately, after this burst of creative energy, Van Gogh also suffered his first breakdown, traceable in part to his impoverishment and exhaustion from overwork and in part to a dispute with fellow artist Paul Gauguin, who was visiting him. (Just before Van Gogh was hospitalized, he sliced off part of his right ear and sent it to a prostitute, who fainted when she opened the bloody little package.) Still in poor health, he visited Theo in the spring of 1890, and then moved to Auvers-sur-Oise, outside Paris. Here, in July, at 37, he shot himself in the chest and died two days later. Six months after that, Theo died, too, and the brothers now lie beside one another on a hilltop in Auvers.

Perhaps no other artist has ever expressed so vividly the ideas that he was trying to convey in his work as Vincent did in his innumerable letters to Theo and others, portions of which serve as captions on these pages. Once he wrote, "I have walked this earth for 30 years, and, out of gratitude, want to leave some souvenir."

Today, the world gratefully agrees that he did.



*Boats on the Beach,  
 Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.*  
*"The little green, red and blue boats are so*  
*pretty in shape and color that they make*  
*one think of flowers"*



*Blooming Almond Branch.*  
*"I should have preferred Theo to call the*  
*boy after Father instead of me; I started to*  
*make a picture for him to hang in their*  
*bedroom—big branches of white almond*  
*blossom against a blue sky"*

\*From the introduction by V. W. Van Gogh to the catalogue for the Van Gogh exhibitions of 1970. Copyright V. W. Van Gogh, Laren, the Netherlands.



Condensed from NATIONAL CIVIC REVIEW  
J. D. RATCLIFF

## TOMORROW'S CITY— HERE TODAY

*Here's why underground Montreal,  
the weatherproof metropolis,  
is calling-itself  
"the pilot city of a new world"*

**A**RE CITIES doomed to be clamorous, dangerous places of filth, fumes and strangling traffic? Not this one! Here it never rains; the temperature never varies from a comfortable 72° F. There is pure air to breathe, and there are no screeching motor sounds. It's the city of the future: underground Montreal.

There may be 30 inches of snow on the ground above (Montreal averages 108 inches annually), but under the below-zero streets you may stroll, overcoatless, through several miles of attractive promenade. Choose among more than 330 shops, endlessly varied and strikingly attractive, a dozen cinemas and theaters, 64 restaurants, snack bars and sidewalk cafés. There is no sense of being confined in a tunnel—you wander on broad, traffic-free avenues up to 36 feet wide. Lighting is bright and imaginative. One plaza has leafless trees softly illuminated; another, a colorful, three-ton Murano glass sculpture—the largest in the world.

In this dazzling subterranean city, you can buy groceries, have a sauna bath, get a pregnancy test, purchase a suit of armor or a canary. You want to be married? A score of shops provide wedding dresses, and one can enter a church without setting foot in the snow. You could work and play here a lifetime—in connecting hotel,

NATIONAL CIVIC REVIEW (SEPT. '70). © 1970 BY NATIONAL  
MUNICIPAL LEAGUE, 42 E. 68 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

apartment and office buildings—and only have to surface to be buried (there is no mortuary).

As long as cities have existed, they have been associated with dirt, confusion. Leonardo da Vinci had a novel solution for big-city traffic problems: carts at street level, pedestrians on elevated walkways. Modern city planners have long agreed that traffic should be segregated: trains and subways at one under-street level, parking at another, and pedestrian concourses at a third. But costs and mechanical difficulties stood in the way. You could not, the experts said, build a new city *under* one already in existence. Then a unique situation arose in Montreal.

The core area of the city was a sad spectacle: aging buildings surrounding a seven-acre eyesore, the pit-yards of Canadian National Railways, known simply as "the hole." For a generation railroad officials had talked of developing this dismal tract, but until 1956 there was no action. Then they called in American developer William Zeckendorf, who proposed construction of a group of buildings featuring a 42-story, cruciform tower over the pit. Up to this point, Place Ville Marie, as it was to be called, was little more than a conventional real-estate development which would cost more than \$100 million.

What made it unique was the fact that with Zeckendorf's chief

architect, I. M. Pei, came Vincent Ponte, a Boston-born, Harvard-educated city planner. Ponte, 37 years old at the time, saw the situation for what it was: opportunity. Here was the long-dreamed-of chance to collaborate with architects to achieve a weatherproof underground city that would be far more dramatic than the proposed skyscraper.

Ponte went into a sales spiel with the project sponsors: In all probability, Place Ville Marie would trigger a boom. As new buildings rose, they could tie into the underground city. Thus, it would eventually spread, rootlike, under most of the city's 200-acre core, linking four luxury hotels, two railroad stations, three giant department stores, 15 office buildings and have garage space for 10,000 cars. It was a heady dream.

Naturally, there were objections. Critics thinking in terms of unattractive tiled tunnels asked: Wouldn't people shun under-street shops? They hadn't in the 17-acre area under New York's Rockefeller Center, Ponte replied. After all, people didn't like being splashed with salt slush in winter or seared in summer. Wouldn't people feel hemmed in, claustrophobic? Not, said Ponte, if "streets" were wide enough and attractively lighted. As a clincher, Ponte reminded building managements who rented basements as storage space for \$2 to \$3 per square foot per year that under-

ground shops would pay \$8 to \$12.

When Place Ville Marie opened in 1962, the popularity of underground living in weatherproof comfort was instant. Daily pedestrian traffic—still soaring—was estimated at around 100,000. Merchants clamored for space and almost without exception prospered. One haberdasher who turned down space at the outset ruefully notes now: "I want to cut my throat every time I pass that place."

Other giant complexes began to rise in the area. Ponte worked hand-in-hand with their architects, planning the monumental substructure that would connect each with his expanding underground city. Place Bonaventure, the second largest commercial building in the world (after Chicago's Merchandise Mart), opened in 1967. The trade center offers display space to 1200 manufacturers with a luxury hotel on top. Since it sits on a slope, depth of the underground portion varies; in one place it goes down eight stories. Ponte provided two shopping levels—totaling five and a half acres—ramps and docks capable of handling anything up to 60-foot truck-trailer rigs, garage space for 1000 cars.

As Place Victoria (its tower houses the Stock Exchange), Place du Canada and others hooked in to the underground city, the concept was catching on in surrounding areas. A mile from the city core, magnificent Westmount Square

shot up—two apartment towers, one office building. And, of course, a below-street area for elegant shops, restaurants and a cinema. This, in turn, connected with nearby Alexis Nihon Plaza, featuring three shopping levels, two parking levels and even a public "square."

At the outset it was feared that this vast expansion in Montreal's center would bring on a transportation crisis—drawing tens of thousands of office workers and visitors into a limited area. In a curious way it *prevented* it. For years Montreal had wanted a subway but lacked funds to build one. New taxes provided by the skyscrapers—over \$7 million a year—sufficiently increased the city's borrowing power to enable it to build one of the world's finest Metros, with quiet, spotless, rubber-tired cars.

The spreading underground city, which thus helped get people and cars off the streets, is also adding new dimensions to living—not the least of which is safety. During the window-breaking and looting that accompanied the police strike in 1969, things remained tranquil below ground. Looters apparently don't like brightly lighted places where there is no place to hide and no safe place to park cars to transport stolen goods.

What is the future of this idea—a city offering safety, good air to breathe, an ideal climate? Ponte has projections up to the year 2000 for Montreal. As old buildings

come down, new ones will tap into the underground—with an eventual six miles of concourse. Right now the underground has its Metro stations and links to two railway stations.

Ponte sees the underground concept as the savior of cities everywhere. Controlled environment is as attractive in the tropics as in the wintry north. But things probably won't move as swiftly elsewhere as they have in Montreal, for the simple reason that ownership of a huge tract of land by a single organization is rare. Acquiring property piecemeal can be a costly, time-consuming process. Further, the cost of burrowing under existing buildings, plus engineering problems involved, virtually prohibits this approach.

Is the door then closed for others? By no means. Several European cities—Berlin, Frankfurt, Vienna—are thinking of utilizing space under city squares. Ponte has a dazzling idea for New York. There are two levels of railroad tracks under plush Park Avenue, but with

today's rail traffic one is sufficient. Why not use the upper level for an all-weather shopping promenade?

And, difficult as it may be, land *can* be accumulated elsewhere. Twelve acres around the site of Dallas' future city hall have been reserved and, only a few blocks away, an elaborate office building complex that will rival New York's Rockefeller Center is being constructed. Under Ponte's guiding hand, out of these two mammoth projects emerged a master plan that by 1985 should give Dallas an underground city nearly a mile long and half a mile wide.

The enormous scope and boldness of Ponte's new concept for cities is getting worldwide attention. He has been working on schemes similar to the Dallas plan in Paris and Melbourne, as well as in the U.S. cities of Miami and Atlanta.

In sum, it appears that from now on any city can come in out of the cold—or heat. Man, who emerged from the cave a few thousand years ago, may now be returning to it—but with a quiet, attractive, pleasurable difference.



### All Systems Go

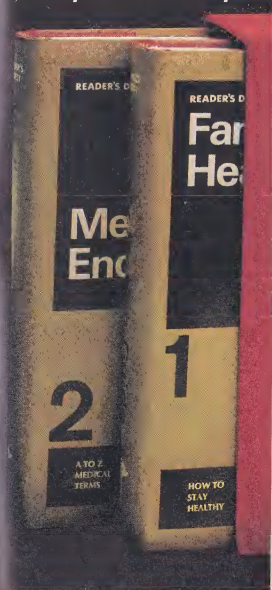
**H**OLD this rectangle to your face and blow on it. If it turns green, call your physician. If it turns brown, see your dentist. If it turns purple, see your psychiatrist. If it turns red, see your banker. If it turns black, call your lawyer and make a will.

If it remains the same color, you are in good health, and there is no reason on earth why you should not be in church next Sunday morning.

—From the parish bulletin of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Occuside, N.Y.



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There are some things here that  
we can learn from the Irish—about  
healthier, longer life

## The Secret of a Stronger Heart

Condensed from WOMAN'S DAY  
MARY MCSHERRY

**W**HAT some doctors are calling the biggest news about the heart in 20 years was released September 3, 1970, by a 19-man team from Harvard's School of Public Health and the School of Medicine at Trinity College, Dublin. The news concerns discoveries made by a two-country medical group—headed by Harvard's prominent nutritionist, Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, and Trinity's dean of the School of Medicine, Dr. W. J. E. Jessop—during a unique, nine-year study of 575 pairs of brothers born in Ireland. One of each pair had remained in Ireland, while the other had emigrated to the Boston area in the United States. The study turned up astonishing differences in health between Irish and American hearts.

Before the study began, it was a

matter of record that the incidence of heart disease and death from heart attack was much higher in America than in Ireland. But no one knew why. Doctors favored a theory that heart disease was an illness of prosperity connected with the consumption of a more costly diet, particularly one rich in animal fats—the so-called *saturated* fats, high in cholesterol and calories.

The reasoning went like this: cholesterol is produced in the body primarily from saturated fats in the diet; self-made cholesterol added to the cholesterol in the diet results in a surplus, some of which the body deposits in the coronary arteries; the narrowed arteries cannot allow the free passage of blood, so the heart has to overwork to force the blood along; a narrowed artery in the



heart may become plugged and bring on heart attack. Since Ireland is much less prosperous than the United States, diet seemed a likely explanation of the widely different mortality figures.

The Ireland-Boston heart study used brothers who had the same physical and psychological heritage, and whose first 20 years ran parallel: they ate the same food, were raised in the same manner, enjoyed the same degree of comfort and affection. Then half of the brothers had moved to Boston and vicinity.

For the experiment, the two-country team—cardiologists, nutritionists and other specialists—first had to locate the brothers. Harvard's Dr. Stare made announcements in Boston newspapers and on his daily radio program of an important health study that needed Irish-born men between the ages of 30 and 65 who had lived in the Boston area at least ten years and who had brothers living in Ireland. Intrigued, several hundred men sent in their names—merchants, factory workers, businessmen, policemen, accountants. The medical team set to work interviewing and examining each man, then provided each with a letter to send to his brother in Ireland. Most of the brothers in Ireland expressed their willingness to help, and were eventually contacted by the Irish medical team.

Each man's physical activity was analyzed, and his heart was studied by nearly every method short of surgery. Degree of fatness or thinness

was measured not merely by scales and tapes, but by a precise little tool which pinches a layer of flesh on a man's upper arm and calibrates the underskin fat. Each man's diet was evaluated. Cholesterol was measured with particular care—both the intake of cholesterol-producing foods by each man and the level of cholesterol in his bloodstream.

Because the brothers in Ireland were largely rural and the Boston men urban, the doctors added 312 urban Irishmen to the study. They also examined, as further control groups, 152 rural Irish not related to the Boston brothers, and 376 first-generation Americans whose parents had been born in Ireland. The doctors also collected for autopsy the hearts of individuals who died in Dublin, Galway or Boston.

When all the facts were added up and considered by computers and doctors, an astonishing conclusion emerged: the hearts of the men in Ireland, whether rural or urban, were healthier than those of their Boston kinsmen on all counts. The brothers in Ireland had slightly lower blood pressure and slightly lower cholesterol levels. In coronary disease and other abnormalities of the heart that can lead to early death, the brothers in Ireland were from *two to six times* as healthy as those in Boston.

The autopsy results told the same story. As individuals in both countries grew older, their hearts showed more signs of disease—specifically of narrowing or blocking of the heart's

main artery. But the hearts of the Irish looked like those of Americans 15 to 28 years younger.

Even more astonishing was the finding that the Irish brothers ate about 400 to 500 *more* calories per day, with a higher percentage of animal fat. Despite this, their cholesterol level was *lower*, they weighed *less* than the Americans, and their amount of underskin fat was *smaller*. Case history after case history told the same story.

The very foods that are known to increase the chances of heart attack in Americans are the staples of life in Ireland: brown bread, butter, fat bacon, mutton, potatoes, milk, cream—and plenty of it. The brothers in Ireland eat a good breakfast, a hearty midday dinner, and a good nourishing snack in the evening. They drink plenty of tea with their meals and as pickups during the day—maybe with a slice or two of bread thick with butter. Thick with cholesterol, an American would say.

The other frequently cited bogeys—cigarettes, liquor, overwork—also seem to have little bearing on the superiority of the hearts in Ireland. The brothers there smoke and drink nearly as much as the Boston brothers, although their drinking tends to be beer and stout, rather than whiskey and gin. The Irish workdays are often considerably longer than the American. It is not unusual, looking through the Trinity files, to find such notations as, "Occupation: public-house owner—77 hours a week." Or, "Occupation:

farmer and road worker—summer 14 hours a day, winter 10."

Personality type doesn't provide the answer, either. Circumstances, not personality, sent some brothers to America. But those who stayed in Ireland wound up with healthier hearts. *Why?*

Follow the *why* out into the Irish countryside, and the picture becomes clearer. The brothers located on the old sod volunteer glimpses of their life that could not be squeezed into medical data sheets. They are amused to hear that in America we have been told that fat meat, butter and rich milk are bad for the heart. A turf cutter says comfortably, "Ah, a little of what you like never hurt you."

A dairy farmer laughs when asked how he manages a vacation. "Vacation! I haven't had a full day off in 20 years. The cows don't take a day off." He also has some pigs, turkeys, and a few sheep. And nine children. He agrees that all this takes a great deal of time. "But when God made time, He made a great deal of it."

The American brother of that farmer, an accountant, shakes his head at the Irish observation. "Well, God made a lot less of it here, I can promise you! It's push and rush from the minute the clock goes off in the morning. Rush to the car. Rush to beat the other fellow to the green light. Rush to get a seat on the commuter train. Push and rush all day."

"But it's push and rush," Harvard's Dr. Stare said later, "in a car or train—not on his legs. This is the





# A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE GIRLS



*The story of a do-it-yourself  
birthday party—and a lesson in  
leadership, sort of*

Condensed from SOJOURN  
THOMAS BOLTON

WE TOOK our seats in the breakfast nook with all the spontaneous gaiety of delegates arriving at the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Surrounded by females, I awaited the opening gun in the discussion of Item 1 on the agenda: Cathy's upcoming birthday and the entertainment relating thereto.

Cathy, almost nine, a bulldog spirit in the body of a princess,

cleared her throat. "At Andrea's birthday party," she announced, "they had a magician."

"Tricks, Daddy!" cried five-year-old Betsy, eyes popping out of her sweet face.

"Tricks," I echoed. "Watch the expensive magician make Daddy's money disappear. Now listen, all of you. This household is not funded by the Ford Foundation. We are trying to economize. That's why I am



painting the basement myself and why your poor mother is making her own clothes."

Wife Liz sighed prettily in a neutral corner, holding the baby, who was ominously, uncharacteristically, quiet.

"At Patty's party," Cathy intoned methodically, "they had a clown. They even had a monkey."

"Monkeys don't grow on trees," I shot back. Liz opened her mouth to say something, then closed it.

"At Beverly's party," Cathy continued, "we all had neat rides . . ."

"Enough!" I said calmly. "Birthday parties in this family are *not* going to be Broadway extravaganzas. A simple cake, a few good friends, singing, a party game or two. What's wrong with Pin the Tail on the Donkey?"

"Oh, Daddy!" Cathy writhed with embarrassment. "That's prehistoric!"

"It built this nation's character, young lady, and don't you forget it. We are going to keep things simple around here, and that's final. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," said Betsy thoughtfully. "Is the tooth fairy a girl or a boy?"

As I groped for a reply, the baby suddenly shot her hand into her mother's egg cup and extracted a wet fistful. Liz's shriek rattled the crockery, and Betsy spilled her 62nd consecutive glass of milk. I lit out for the peace and quiet of rush-hour traffic.

I didn't think again about the

birthday festivities until I was kissing Liz good-night. "Sweet dreams, J. P. Morgan," she said.

When you've been married a few years, you sense veiled sarcasm. "You think I'm being too hard on Cathy?" I asked.

"I just hope she doesn't feel we're letting her down," Liz answered. "That we don't *care*."

"Honey, I'll tell you what—I'll take personal charge of the party. I'll organize it, keep things moving so that everyone's happy." I had this sudden vision of myself, kindly and serene, surrounded by merry little girls in party dresses. "I'll show Cathy that I have a deep interest in her party—and teach her a lesson about economy in the bargain. Just leave everything to me."

Liz mumbled something into her pillow that sounded like "God save us all."

The great day dawned cold and snowy. The party was to begin at four. At noon I was lying on the sofa, made dizzy by blowing up 50 balloons and wondering about brain damage from oxygen starvation. Still, I was obviously able to think with all my old power and clarity. "We'll organize things in the basement," I explained, with a smile to show that all was under control. Cathy beamed. I had her full confidence.

At four sharp, the doorbell rang. (Adults may like to be fashionably late, but at a children's birthday party the participants are as punc-

tual as lawyers.) First to arrive was little Abigail, a pudgy child with a voice of wondrous resonance and power. "Is there gonna be a magician?" she asked.

"No, no. We're going to make our own fun today."

"You're a brave man," Abigail's mother said to me before she disappeared.

Then all the other children arrived at once, darting past my legs like bright-colored tropical fish to offer their presents to a joyous Cathy, who opened them in a tumult of squeals and giggles.

After 15 minutes or so, I cupped hands to mouth and shouted, "To the basement we go!" It was really quite gay down there, with clusters of Daddy's breath wrapped in bright balloons and strung along the freshly painted blue walls, and card tables set with flowers awaiting the ice cream and cake.

The little girls milled about noisily. Finally, I captured their attention and began, "First of all, girls, we're going to play Duck, Duck, Goose. The rules are relatively simple. We..."

Cathy was tugging at my sleeve. "I'm going to put on a record," she said. "We can play games after we dance and have the cake. I know a specially good game."

As the phonograph began a caterwauling ode to a defunct motorcycle, I went up the basement stairs. It was like ascending from the seventh ring of Dante's inferno. Liz was in the kitchen, candleing the cake. "I

thought you were going to stay down there to keep things moving," she said.

"High time Cathy learned to stand on her own two feet," I said as I kicked off my shoes, turned on television and settled down to watch the Giants and the Packers.

At halftime I wandered about the house, and found myself facing the hall closet, repository of the old football helmet I keep in case a son ever comes along. On impulse I reached for it and jammed it on my head. Terrifically tight around both ears—damned if I could get it off!

At that moment, Liz entered to announce, "The cake has been gobbled up. If I'm not interrupting anything important, I could use your help. I want to get this skirt hemmed. It's a wrap-around, so it will fit even you."

Before I could say anything, she had swirled a flowered skirt around my waist. "You look silly," she giggled through a mouthful of pins.

Suddenly, from deep in the bowels of the house, there arose a piercing scream that would have sent chills through Alfred Hitchcock. Barefoot, I raced down the basement stairs—into well-black darkness.

"What happened?" I shouted.

"Who's hurt?"

"No one, Daddy," Cathy called from over near the furnace. "We're playing Murder in the Dark. Abigail got murdered."

I stepped along the wall toward the light switch. Sudden wetness engulfed my left foot. A flash of in-

tuition told me that it was paint. Blue paint. Damn near a full bucket. Before my hand could reach the switch, the lights blazed on. At the head of the stairs stood Abigail's mother—her eyes taking in my blue foot, the flowered skirt, the helmet.

Abigail herself shrieked with delight. "Oh, neat—Cathy's daddy is playing a clown! A clown show, a clown show!"

"A little surprise for the girls," I said weakly, as Abigail's mother studied me carefully. Then, with as much horror as surprise, I found myself executing a shuffling little dance step. Helmet bobbing, skirt flouncing, blue foot splatting time, I began to sing a song that had once failed to lull Cathy to sleep: "De Campdown ladies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Campdown racetrack five miles long, Oh! doo-dah-day!"

The girls shouted with laughter. Calls for more greeted my concluding curtsy. So I gave them "Waltzing Matilda"—I'm the only person I

know who knows all the words. Despite pleas for an encore, I cut it short. Other mothers were appearing, studying me from the kitchen heights with much the same transfixed expression as Abigail's mother.

When all the guests had at last departed, Cathy gave me a thankful hug, and Liz helped me tug the helmet free. "A star is born," she said, with that knack she has for summing things up.

Later, Cathy and I had a long talk. "True fun isn't something you can buy," I pointed out. "How much better to make the good times happen all by themselves!" I went on like that for quite a while, and her thoughtful eyes never left mine. She seemed to hang on every word. "You learned something today, didn't you, Cathy?" I concluded gently.

"Yes, Daddy." Then, reality. "You know," she went on, "it must be the light or something, but when you hold your head that way and I hold mine this way, I see a great picture of myself in your glasses."

### Postscripts

A SAMPLE of San Francisco graffiti: "Is there intelligent life on earth?" Under this someone had added a postscript: "Yes, but I'm only visiting."

—Trudy Moore, quoted by Herb Caen in *San Francisco Chronicle*

NEAR Le Sueur, Minn., there is a billboard announcing the entrance to the Valley of the Jolly Green Giant. Along the bottom of this sign a prankster added his own message: "Make Peas, Not War."

—Minneapolis Star

UNDERNEATH the day's chart, which showed the atmosphere in New York City as being "unhealthy," was appended this reassuring footnote from the Department of Air Resources: "Today's pollution levels are expected to improve to unsatisfactory."

—Robert Sylvester, Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

# Why We Must Meet Russia's Naval Challenge

"If the United States continues to reduce its naval power, while the Soviet fleet continues to expand, the day will inevitably come when the result will go against us"

Condensed from U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

An interview with ADMIRAL ELMO R. ZUMWALT, JR.  
U.S. Chief of Naval Operations

**Q.** Admiral Zumwalt, what shape is the U.S. Navy in?

A. There are pluses and minuses. With regard to quality of personnel, we are generally well off. Our reenlistment rates have improved. However, we're not so strong in numbers because we've been required to make major reductions—down from 692,435 officers and men a year ago to 622,500 now.

Nor are we as strong as a year ago in ships. We had 769 naval ships then; today we are down to 700. We also have 770 fewer aircraft than a year ago. Especially dramatic has been the reduction in the number of aircraft carriers—from 24 to 16 in the past five years.

**Q.** Has this been due to the costs of the Vietnam war?

A. In essence. The war has cost us the equivalent of a generation of shipbuilding. What increases there were in Navy budgets have been spent largely on attrition aircraft, bombs, bullets and increased operating expenses.

From 1962 to 1972, the Navy has come down in its shipbuilding appropriations to less than \$2 billion per year—at a time when we should have been spending \$3 billion a year on new ships. We need that much if we are to replace our \$75-billion plant every 25 years.

**Q.** Against that background, Admiral, what has happened to the

Navy's responsibilities worldwide?

A. We've always been the nation's first line of defense. In addition, under the Nixon Doctrine, it is clear that the high-technology services—air and naval power—are going to be required increasingly to come to the support of our allies. I would have to say that the Navy's mission is greater than ever before.

**Q.** Does the Soviet Navy worry you?

A. I consider it to be a first-class professional outfit. It is dramatically more powerful than it was ten years ago. Since the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviets have devoted a tremendous amount of their resources to the acquisition of a submarine fleet. It now outnumbers ours by 3 to 1, and they are outbuilding us at an annual rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. They have acquired air power increasingly capable of coming to grips with ships at sea from newly utilized airfields around the Eurasian coastline. They have also built surface ships armed with surface-to-surface missiles which could be used against our ships.

**Q.** If there were a showdown with the Soviet Navy at sea, what would be your prediction as to the outcome?

A. This is, of course, a very speculative question. But I think that no matter who does the analysis, he would conclude that if the United States continues to reduce its naval power and the Soviet Union continues to increase its, the day will

inevitably come when the result will go against the United States.

Mr. Nixon made a point about sea power not long ago that I think is most perceptive: the dramatic difference between what the Soviets need, as basically a land power, and what we need, as basically a maritime power. The Soviets' vital interests require a large army and air force to protect the Eurasian heartland. Our vital interests require a capability to control and use the seas to hold together the maritime alliance of which we're a part. The Soviets don't need a navy superior to ours to protect their vital interests. They can aspire to have a navy larger than ours only for purposes of interfering with our vital interests.

**Q.** Is the Soviet Union doing well in the Mediterranean?

A. Yes. As a matter of fact, the Soviets have recently negotiated a 15-year treaty of friendship and cooperation that may well assure their continued use of Egyptian naval and air bases. They may not be successful in communicating the government of the United Arab Republic, but they have been successful in achieving a very firm geopolitical position there.

**Q.** Do you agree with the appraisal that the Soviets want to drive east of Suez into the Indian Ocean?

A. Yes. And it's exactly what I would be doing if I were running the Soviet empire. In the first place, the presence of their ships in the Indian Ocean in much larger numbers



than ours, coupled with an aggressive foreign policy, gives them an opportunity to acquire the same sort of port capabilities that they've been able to achieve in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Second, it helps them complete the encirclement of Communist China.

**Q. Getting back to relative strengths, is it true that the Soviet Navy outguns the U.S. Navy, except for carrier-based aircraft?**

**A.** Let me answer this way:

If the United States were to suddenly decommission all its aircraft carriers, we would lack any capability whatsoever to control and use the seas. We have a very capable weapons system in the aircraft carrier. This is particularly true of the nuclear-propelled aircraft carrier, with its ability to maintain high speeds at all times and to be constantly ready—100-percent ready—to go the moment a decision is made. Also, it is capable of outranging the surface-to-surface missiles of Soviet ships.

**Q. Of the 16 U.S. carriers in commission, how many are nuclear-powered?**

**A.** We have one operating, two building. We badly need a fourth. We're going to be making the most vigorous possible case for it.

**Q. A new nuclear carrier costs about \$800 million. How do you justify spending that much for one ship?**

**A.** One has to consider how much we have to spend for the privilege of having the equivalent of the aircraft carrier—that is, a land-based

airfield—in an overseas area where we need it.

For example, Wheelus Air Force Base in Libya had a relatively brief lifetime before the United States was asked to leave, and yet the costs for that airfield during its operation were probably comparable to the costs of a nuclear aircraft carrier during its entire 40-year life cycle. Furthermore, that aircraft carrier has the capability to be anywhere in the world as the geopolitical situation changes; it is not required to remain in just one portion of the African desert.

**Q. If carriers are so important, why don't the Soviets have any?**

**A.** The Soviets started out way behind. Their first priority was to scramble frantically to get a capability to deal with our superior Navy. That meant building submarines, and it meant building surface ships which would be expendable but capable of firing a surface-to-surface missile in a first strike against our carriers.

**Q. What progress has been made in U.S. anti-submarine defenses?**

**A.** In my judgment, we know everything we need to know in order to deal with the submarine threat. And we continue to improve our techniques. Our problem is to retain adequate forces to deal with the threat.

We have anti-submarine aircraft—some operating from land bases, some from our aircraft carriers; we have anti-submarine surface ships; we have attack submarines. All of

### A Timely Warning

"FOR the first time in history a great power is deliberately throwing away its inescapable obligations of leadership to adopt deliberate weakness as a national policy. This nation is well on the road to a withdrawal from the facts of life."

These alarming words, delivered by Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover before a recent session of the House Appropriations Committee, laid the issue squarely on the line. The Vietnam pull-out, the Nixon doctrine of withdrawal from Asia, the Mansfield attempts to force withdrawal of ground forces from Europe, the acceptance of the loss of our naval domination of the Mediterranean—all these elements underscore the fact that today's political escapism into a form of neo-isolationism is being accompanied by a self-chosen program of unilateral disarmament.

Admiral Rickover's warning to the Appropriations Committee was two-pronged: When do we stop stripping our strength? When do we start picking up the slack? He summed up:

"The real danger lies in our allowing the capability of our general-purpose forces for conventional warfare to deteriorate relative to the rapidly expanding Soviet capability for conventional warfare. They already have an army far superior to ours. If they now succeed in building a navy which can prevent our navy from supporting overseas military operations, they can have their way over any issue for which we are not willing to risk nuclear war."

—Condensed from *Detroit News*

these are capable collectively of dealing with this threat—if we are permitted to retain adequate numbers.

**Q. Are you going to have adequate numbers under the budget that you are now preparing?**

**A.** The Congress reduced by \$2 billion the Defense budget submitted by the President in 1971. That represented a serious setback in our capability. There are indications that the Congress will reduce the President's budget in 1972. If that happens, our capability will take a further reduction.

**Q. Admiral, do the Soviets have subs operating off our coasts?**

**A.** Yes. The Soviets maintain missile submarines off our coasts.

**Q. If a Soviet submarine were to fire a missile from 100 miles offshore toward Washington, D.C., would there be any defense against that kind of attack?**

**A.** The best defense is the threat of retaliation—for example, having our own missiles at sea where they can't be damaged by such an attack. In my judgment, it is the very best answer we have.

**Q. Do you mean that anti-submarine warfare devices won't really protect us 100 percent of the time?**

**A.** It takes time to sink subma-

rines, and it takes only a few seconds to get missiles off. Therefore, if an enemy nation decides to strike first, it is going to get its missiles off before we're able to move in for an anti-submarine kill.

**Q.** Would you comment on the rather negative image of the military now prevalent among some Americans?

**A.** I think there is a significant minority in this country which feels that the military services and military personnel are simply no longer relevant in the modern world. We have been going through a period when this minority feeling has been spreading. In fact, we've gone through this kind of period after each war.



### Antic Semantics

WE'RE having trouble with our language when it costs \$2000 a foot and we call it a freeway.

—Blackie Sherrod in *Dallas Times Herald*

THERE is an interesting contradiction in terms when a couple speaks of retiring to a mobile home to settle down.

—Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

UNTIL I started working for the government I thought the term "briefing" was derived from the word "brief."

—Paul Sweeney in *The Quarterly*

THESE days, all you hear of are unheard-of prices.

—Bill Copeland in Sarasota, Fla., *Journal*

SOMEHOW I get the impression from liberals that most things right are wrong whereas most things left are right.

—"Line o' Type," *Chicago Tribune*

THEN there was the man who said to another, "I just loaned Jones \$20—he said he was stranded high and dry."  
"That's odd," replied the other. "I loaned him \$20 because he said he could hardly keep his head above water."

—Evan Esar, *Humorous English* (Horizon Press)

Vietnam is now the longest and most unpopular war in our history. It may take a little longer for the pendulum to swing back, but I believe that it clearly will, given the tremendous efforts that the President and the Secretary of Defense are making to ensure that the people understand. If we continue to weaken ourselves, it will become quite obvious from the way the world community begins to destabilize that we must do more to maintain our military strength.

I believe that a respectable majority of Americans still continues to understand that, as the President has suggested, you can have a generation of peace only by maintaining the necessary military strength.

What would the message on the great oak be?

## Going Home

Condensed from *NEW YORK POST* PETE HAMILL

*I first heard this story a few years ago from a girl I had met in New York's Greenwich Village. The girl told me that she had been one of the participants. Since then, others to whom I have related the tale have said that they had read a version of it in some forgotten book, or been told it by an acquaintance who said that it actually happened to a friend. Probably the story is one of those mysterious bits of folklore that emerge from the national subconscious every few years, to be told anew in one form or another. The cast of characters shifts, the message endures. I like to think that it did happen, somewhere, sometime.*

THEY were going to Fort Lauderdale—three boys and three girls—and when they boarded the bus, they were carrying sandwiches and wine in paper bags, dreaming of golden beaches and sea tides as the gray cold of New York vanished behind them.

As the bus passed through New Jersey, they began to notice Vingo. He sat in front of them, dressed in a plain, ill-fitting suit, never moving, his dusty face masking his age. He chewed the inside of his lip a lot, frozen into some personal cocoon of silence.

Deep into the night, outside Washington, the bus pulled into a Howard Johnson's, and everybody got off except Vingo. He sat rooted in his seat, and the young people began to wonder about him, trying to imagine

his life: perhaps he was a sea captain, a runaway from his wife, an old soldier going home. When they went back to the bus, one of the girls sat beside him and introduced herself.

"We're going to Florida," she said brightly. "I hear it's beautiful."

"It is," he said quietly, as if remembering something he had tried to forget.

"Want some wine?" she said. He smiled and took a swig. He thanked her and retreated again into his silence. After a while, she went back to the others, and Vingo nodded in sleep.

In the morning, they awoke outside another Howard Johnson's, and this time Vingo went in. The girl insisted that he join them. He seemed very shy, and ordered black coffee and smoked nervously as the young

people chattered about sleeping on beaches. When they returned to the bus, the girl sat with Vingo again, and after a while, slowly and painfully, he told his story. He had been in jail in New York for the past four years, and now he was going home.

"Are you married?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" she said.

"Well, when I was in the can I wrote to my wife," he said. "I told her that I was going to be away a long time, and that if she couldn't stand it, if the kids kept askin' questions, if it hurt too much, well, she could just forget me. I'd understand. Get a new guy, I said—she's a wonderful woman, really something—and forget about me. I told her she didn't have to write me or nothing. And she didn't. Not for three and a half years."

"And you're going home now, not knowing?"

"Yeah," he said shyly. "Well, last week, when I was sure the parole was coming through, I wrote her again. We used to live in Brunswick, just before Jacksonville, and there's a big oak tree just as you come into town. I told her that if she'd take me back, she should put a yellow handkerchief on the tree, and I'd get off and come home. If she didn't want me, forget it—no hand-

kerchief, and I'd go on through."

"Wow," the girl said. "Wow."

She told the others, and soon all of them were in it, caught up in the approach of Brunswick, looking at the pictures Vingo showed them of his wife and three children—the woman handsome in a plain way, the children still unformed in the cracked, much-handled snapshots.

Now they were 20 miles from Brunswick, and the young people took over window seats on the right side, waiting for the approach of the great oak tree. The bus acquired a dark, hushed mood, full of the silence of absence and lost years. Vingo stopped looking, tightening his face into the ex-con's mask, as if fortifying himself against still another disappointment.

Then Brunswick was ten miles, and then five. Then, suddenly, all of the young people were up out of their seats, screaming and shouting and crying, doing small dances of exultation. All except Vingo.


Vingo sat there stunned, looking at the oak tree. It was covered with yellow handkerchiefs—20 of them, 30 of them, maybe hundreds, a tree that stood like a banner of welcome billowing in the wind. As the young people shouted, the old con rose from his seat and made his way to the front of the bus to go home.



THE environmentalists lament the way man messes up nature, and then along come the winter storms to remind us it's a two-way street.

—Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

Helene Curtis Clearasil  
 PANTENE PIERRE  
 Hinds CLAIROL  
 Fanbo Dorothy Gray  
 Kanebo Coty  
 Dior  
 AVON  
 Oil of OLAY  
 YU  
 Eskinol  
 NIVEA  
 Max Factor  
 GUERLAIN  
 LUCIEN LELONG  
 SHISEIDO  
 cornSilk



Talk  
to  
the  
beautiful  
people



## KNOWLEDGE

The child soaks up each new experience with unmatched enthusiasm. Mother delights in seeing her grow and learn. She realizes, too, that helping a child develop is demanding. Demanding of time, and energy, and knowledge, and understanding, and patience.

But as her child matures, communication between both becomes, more and more, a process of sharing.

Both worlds develop with understanding and knowledge.

Within these pages Mother finds information and products that help to broaden her horizons . . . and her child's. She's sensitive and alert . . .

. . . and she reads this magazine, just as you do.

**MAGAZINES...***your world of ideas and products*

## THE HUMAN CYCLONE CALLED CAROL

*Vast natural verve, towering talent, and a total commitment to hard work—that's TV's clown princess, Carol Burnett*

Condensed from ROUNDUP  
JAMES STEWART-GORDON



**R**ECENTLY, I sat in the Hollywood office of television star Carol Burnett, bemusedly watching her nibble on a pre-performance carrot. "I think," I found myself saying, "that you are the funniest woman I have ever met in my life."

She tilted back her dark glasses and smiled—not one of her great big toothy on-camera smiles, but just a wonderful, warm smile—and I couldn't help adding, "And maybe one of the most genuinely beautiful, too."

That's the effect Carol has on people: contradictory superlatives tumble out. Onstage and off, she has more facets than the Koh-i-noor diamond—and twice the sparkle. She appears at first blush to be tall, bumbling and awkward, with incredibly loose-jointed arms and legs—the prototype of the perpetually over-eager girl next door whose life is a succession of disasters. In reality, she has a ballerina's grace and a life-style of rollicking success, attained by a fusion of tremendous talent, great imagination, incredible discipline—and more gag routines than the four Marx Brothers combined.

Her form-free art is showcased each week on her hour-long CBS-TV show, before an audience estimated at 45 million people. The acknowledged Queen of the Zanies, during the past ten years she has won, among scores of other awards, two TV Emmys for her matchless comic performances. She has also



earned half a million dollars a year—a sum which she dismisses with characteristic modesty by saying, “In this business, when you are in demand, they have a tendency to overpay you.”

**Show Busy.** Aiding Carol's marvelously mobile face, with its hazel eyes that can narrow to Oriental slits or explode into fiery coronas, are the props that she loves to use: fright wigs, outsize false eyelashes and eyeglasses, strange sweaters that look like Salvation Army rejects. Thus dressed for action, she may turn up as a frumpy charwoman, deposed empress, betrayed housewife in a spoof of detergent drama (“As the Stomach Turns”), sultry superstar of old movies, or Mermanesque belter of ballads.

No actress ever put more physical effort into earning her daily bread. When the script calls for Carol to take a nose dive, she throws the resilient Burnett body into it with the determination of a kamikaze pilot. If she has to do a somersault, she turns into a pinwheel. “When she is supposed to look like a horse,” sums up Jack Gilford, an actor who has worked with her a number of times, “she doesn't just look like a horse, she looks like the start of the first race at Santa Anita.”

As a result of such enthusiasm, Carol has at various times smashed a cartilage in her foot, sprained an ankle (six times in one season), sprained her back, acquired a permanent bruise on her left thigh, and experienced a chill that nearly

turned into pneumonia. The latter was the result of being doused with cold water during a slapstick skit, at a time of relative (for Carol) inactivity: she was starring in a Broadway show, was a regular on the Garry Moore program, was keeping house for her sister, and doing volunteer work at a hospital for handicapped children.

The offstage and totally unsexy portion of this pulsating professional is Mrs. Joe Hamilton, wife of the executive producer of her show, and mother of three children. In the quiet comfort of her Tudor-style Beverly Hills home, Carol supervises her children's lives and entertains them with recitations of fairy tales (of which she has an encyclopedic knowledge). She is dedicated to the joys of family life, which include dispensing hospitality to assorted cousins and friends. “This is the first house I have ever owned in my life,” Carol explains, “and I want it to be a home.”

On the job, despite a strenuous schedule, she daily collects a parcel of weight-conscious CBS secretaries, shepherds them into a vacant studio and leads them in half an hour of a combination of ballet warm-ups, yoga and isometric exercises. Afterward, she joins a staff of 85 writers, musicians, dancers and production people involved in her show and, as always, even though it may be only rehearsal, does the show of her life.

**Ugly Duckling.** Like the material in some of her skits, Carol Burnett's

actual life story has elements of pure soap opera. The daughter of talented, but alcoholic, parents (her father was a theater manager, her mother a writer), Carol was born in San Antonio in the Depression. She was taken to Los Angeles at the age of eight to be raised by her grandmother, Mrs. Mae White, the former belle of Belleville, Ark., who, when not fighting off admirers, found time to take Carol to a minimum of six movies a week.

An athletic and editorial-writing success but somewhat of a social failure at Hollywood High School—she had reached her present height of 5-foot-7 by the time she was 11—Carol worked part-time at various Hollywood Boulevard theaters. As a cashier at one which broadcast the dialogue of the daily film fare to passers-by via loudspeaker, she heard but did not see *Levanhoe* 107 times, and to this day can repeat verbatim long passages from the screenplay.

Graduating from high school, Carol entered U.C.L.A. and majored in theater arts. The jolt that started her in show business came in her junior year, when she and fellow student Don Saroyan were asked if they would entertain at a society party. After hearing Carol sing a parody of melodies from *Annie Get Your Gun*, one of the guests said, “Kids, you were great. I'll give you the money to get to Broadway.” Laughing skeptically, Carol thanked the man and took the business card he pressed into her hand.

Two days later, Carol and Don

went down to his office—and were astounded when he handed each of them a check for \$1000. “Use it to get started,” their benefactor said. “I came to this country as a penniless immigrant, and now I want to show my appreciation to America by helping others. Pay me back in five years, if you make it, and someday do the same for someone else.”

Telling her nonplused grandmother, “I'm going to be a star,” Carol spent \$300 getting her teeth straightened, quit school and said good-bye to her friends. Then she flew to New York with prospects of fame and fortune dancing in her head—along with the plots of old Ruby Keeler movies about Broadway. Taking a job as a hat-check girl, she set out to conquer the big city.

**Dulles Delight.** For month after discouraging month, she made the rounds of agents in search of a stage job, but the turndown routine never varied: “Sorry, can't use you until you get some experience.” Carol finally landed a summer-theater job in the Catskills, where, at summer's end, she realized that she needed vocal training. Voice coach Ken Welch, impressed with her raw talent, told her that she could owe him his fees until she got a job in the theater. Carol agreed only after he let her sign promissory notes, which she made good with a hail of quarters from her hat-checking tips.

By the close of the following hat-check season, Carol and Don Saroyan had married—and were

wondering how to keep their careers alive when Welch lined them up at a summer theater in the Poconos. Helped by this summer's experience, Carol auditioned for Garry Moore and was given a chance to do sketches and sing an occasional song on his morning TV program. While she was appearing on the Moore show, a New York nightclub specializing in fresh talent gave her a trial. Ken Welch wrote a comedy act for her, and she began appearing nightly. Later, that season, he wrote her a song with the unlikely title "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles," an ode to the unrequited affection of a young girl for the austere Secretary of State.

The combination of the incongruity of the song and Carol's inspired delivery was blockbusting. Immediately, there was an offer for her to appear on "The Jack Paar Show" to chant her Dulles love call. The following Sunday, she repeated the song on "The Ed Sullivan Show," watched at home by Dulles himself. Questioned later on "Meet the Press" about his reaction to the ballad, Dulles drew himself up and said coldly, "I never discuss problems of the heart." Then he winked.

"Call Me Carol." With Carol's career at last beginning to take wing, she got the part of the tomboy Princess Winifred in the off-Broadway musical *Once Upon a Mattress*. Her performance won ecstatic comment, but six weeks later closing notices were posted. Firm in her belief that the show was too good to shut down,

Carol persuaded the cast to picket the theater to urge the management to keep it running. They were joined on the picket line by a group of neighborhood children with whom Carol had made friends at a nearby candy store. One newspaperman, convinced that the picketing was just a publicity stunt—with Carol paying the kids to participate—journeyed downtown, met Carol, talked to the kids and wrote in his column, "I apologize. Carol Burnett is the best-loved girl on Second Avenue." Helped by the publicity, the show moved to a new theater, this time on Broadway, and stayed open for over a year.

Meanwhile, Garry Moore's daytime show had moved to a nighttime spot. Martha Raye, scheduled to appear as a guest one evening, took sick, and the show's producer asked Carol if she would pinch-hit. Right after the show, Martha Raye phoned Moore. "I knew you were going to have to get someone good to replace me," she said, "but did you have to get someone *that* good?" Then she sent Carol a dozen roses. By year's end, Carol was a regular on the Moore show, playing everything from a barking seal to Scarlett O'Hara.

While professional success had arrived, Carol's personal life was being subjected to a number of strains, including a divorce. Although she tried to submerge her life in her work, she worried that material success might make her egocentric. She applied to the New York University

Medical Center's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation to see if, by any chance, someone was needed to read fairy stories to the sick children. "We don't need a reader," she was told, "but we do need someone to work with badly handicapped children. I have to warn you, though, that some of these patients are terribly deformed."

Carol asked to see the ward. At first it was all she could do to avoid fainting. Then one child, almost entirely without arms or legs, grinned at her. "Hey," he said, "are you that nut on TV?"

"Yeah," said Carol, her fears dissolving in the kid's grin. "I'm that nut on TV. But do you mind calling me Carol?"



### *Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing®*

HEADLINE in a military publication over report of a new law enabling husbands of retired servicewomen to use post exchanges: "EXCHANGE PRIVILEGES FOR HUSBANDS."

—Jack Rosenbaum in San Francisco *Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*

IN THE Medford, Ore., *Mail Tribune*: "It is doubtful that President Nixon wants or that Congress would give him standby power to raise or lower Texas."

—Editor & Publisher

NOTICE in a church bulletin about Bible-study group: "Forty-two people started the New Year tight last Wednesday—let's make it 50 this week."

IN THE *International Herald Tribune*: "The mark might soon be revalued upward or allowed to float freely."

HEADLINE in the Phoenix *Arizona Republic*: "HEART DISEASE NEEDN'T BE NO. 1 KILLER; YOUR DOCTOR CAN HELP."

IN THE Chickasha, Okla., *Express*: "A bust at the intersection obscured the vision of each driver and was a contributing factor in the mishap."

## Springboard for Discussion

In our zeal to clean up the environment, we may catapult ourselves into even more drastic problems. Isn't it time we took a more deliberately reasoned approach?

# "WAIT A MINUTE— LET'S NOT GO OVERBOARD ON ECOLOGY"

By MAURICE H. STANS  
U.S. Secretary of Commerce

Locally and impatiently, the American people are demanding immediate action to safeguard our environment, to halt our abuses of air, land and water. President Nixon has responded with a commitment to eliminate pollution and improve the conditions under which we live.

The basic question is: How do we go about doing this? And, more important for our nation's welfare: How do we go about doing this *in the most sensible way*?

First of all, we must recognize that our problems are sometimes by-products of things we consider essential to human welfare on this planet. Consider:

If we had no cars on the street, there would be no automobile pollution. If we built no power plants, we would have no pollution from utilities. If we washed no clothes, we would have no detergents in our waterways—and so on.

But what kind of country would we have left?

The public's desire for immediate solutions is understandable, and its impatience may, in many respects, be justified. But if we settle for quick solutions to one set of environmental problems, we can rapidly catapult ourselves into others much more serious.

Before we start reaching for the panic button, let's stand back and

## "LET'S NOT GO OVERBOARD ON ECOLOGY"

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look at the environmental problem as a whole. I think it is time to say, "Wait a minute—let's not go overboard on ecology!"

**A Look at the Record.** Industry has been emotionally accused by some Americans of ignoring the pollution problems of our times, and of being responsible for most of them. These environmental problems, the accusers say, will be well on the way to solution if only we put enough squeeze on industry.

Unfair! Industry, of course, must share the blame. But the fact, recognized by all too few, is that many of our polluters are entirely outside industry. They include municipalities, county and state governments, agriculture and the public itself. Witness the fact that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of American communities pour tons of untreated sewage into our lakes and rivers and coastal waters *every day*.

In contrast to this kind of irresponsibility, many industries—admittedly, with far to go—have seriously come to grips with their pollution problems. For example:

- The U.S. chemical industry spent \$600 million on pollution abatement in 1970. This included special instrumentation for the detection of pollutants; new fail-safe mechanisms to protect against accidental spills; early-warning systems to identify and control potentially serious hazards.

- The iron and steel industry has spent more than \$1 billion on pollu-

tion control—nearly two thirds of it in the last two years. This money has paid for massive changes in coking operations, for equipment to clean up stack gases, for cleansing of liquid wastes, and for introducing electrostatic precipitators to control pollutants from steel furnaces and converters.

- In 1971, the electric-power industries of the United States spent two thirds of a billion dollars curbing pollution—for the removal of fly ash from power-plant emissions; the cleaning of fuel before burning; the increased use of closed-cycle cooling towers to eliminate thermal pollution.

Unfortunately, the idea still persists that industry has done little of consequence to fight pollution, and has done that much only because it is being dragged across the line. There *are* deliberate polluters, of course, but in general industry is setting conservation records of which it can be proud. Its expenditures to clean up our streams and skies in 1970 totaled more than \$2.5 billion. In 1971, they soared to more than \$3.6 billion.

**Emotional Boomerangs.** These figures alone demonstrate that the do-nothing charges against industry are false and irresponsible. Yet critics of industry continue to press for instant solutions to all complex pollution problems. The people, in turn, press the Congress. While these pressures have produced beneficial results, they have also produced

emotional overreactions harmful not just to business but to the American people and the long-range interests of our country. As a result, arbitrary, short-sighted timetables have been imposed, and hurried, severe regulations applied; research has been diverted from orderly paths, and plants have been forced to close; jobs have been lost and needed construction projects delayed.

When we try to solve environmental problems more quickly than our technology permits, not only do we raise costs suddenly and sharply, but we increase the number of false steps that we take along the way. The incomplete state of our knowledge leads us to pitfalls that can't be foreseen.

Let me cite a few examples:

**Phosphates.** Detergent phosphates, the nation's common washday ingredient, were early singled out as one of our top-ten pollution villains, contaminators of our lakes and rivers. State and local governments all over the country rushed to make laws that would ban their sale, on a random, crazy-quilt basis.

Now it appears that alternate detergents can be even more dangerous than phosphates themselves. Production of one such substitute, nitrilotriacetate (NTA), has had to be suspended at the request of the U.S. Surgeon General because of unresolved questions concerning its possible long-term effects on health and the environment. Other substitutes contain caustic materials that can blind the eyes; if a child swal-

lows them, they can burn, even kill. (These materials, mounting evidence indicates, also increase wear and tear on clothes and washing machines.) Another danger point: certain chemical substitutes for phosphates, when used to launder children's cotton sleepers, can wash out the flame-proofing protection engineered into them by the textile industry.

Moreover, additional facts about phosphates have come to light: Far more phosphorus is pouring into the nation's waters from human waste, the runoff of agricultural fertilizers and natural soil erosion than from detergents. Congress has been told by Dr. William J. Oswald, professor of public health and sanitary engineering at the University of California at Berkeley, that a "reduction of growth rates (of algae that can destroy other life in our waters) could rarely derive from the removal of detergent phosphates alone." In the meantime, the Surgeon General has now advised state and local governments to reconsider the banning of phosphates; and the Environmental Protection Agency has announced that it would recommend spending \$500 million to improve sewage-treatment plants to prevent phosphates—from all sources—from flowing into affected lakes.

So today we are back roughly where we started a couple of years ago. My purpose in citing these points is *not* to defend phosphates. Instead, it is a way of saying, "Wait a minute. Before we rush pell-mell

into immediate responses to such vital problems, shouldn't we take the time to weigh all the factors?"

**Power-Plant Sitings.** The nation's need for more electric power is rapidly outrunning our capacity to generate it. We now have a generating capacity of 340 million kilowatts; come 1980, we'll need 665 million kilowatts. The answer seems simple: build more power plants.

But in many areas of the country it has become almost impossible to do so. The Atomic Energy Commission, in response to environmentalist pressures through a U.S. district court, has been forced to undertake further hearings before issuing any new license to operate. It is estimated that from \$5 billion to \$10 billion worth of public and private construction projects is now being held up by environmental actions.

A classic case in point is New York City, desperately in need of electric power to avoid blackouts. Yet Consolidated Edison's new \$73,000-kilowatt nuclear plant, Indian Point 2, stands idle while the company waits for its license to operate. Who, in the long run, foots the bills for these delays? The people of the city of New York.

**One-Industry Towns.** Today a growing number of small communities across the nation face economic death, because newly imposed environmental-protection controls threaten to close down their single, sustaining industry. In many places, it has already happened. In Saltville, Va., enforcement of environmental

regulations shut down a major portion of one prime industry, which was manufacturing soda ash. Result: 500 unemployed. In San Juan Bautista, Calif., environmental regulations are hastening the closing of the town's biggest business—a cement plant. The jobs of 150 people hang in the balance. There are many other examples.

Are the environmental dangers so critical that we have to threaten the jobs of thousands? Shouldn't we recognize legitimate environmental concerns on the one hand, weigh them fairly and then act rationally to protect *both* the environment and the jobs? It may take a bit longer, but the end result would be far more satisfactory.

**Alaska Pipeline.** People say, "Let's not build the Alaska pipeline because of the possible adverse consequences to the environment." But there is another side to the coin: the nation's need for vital North Slope oil, plus the economic welfare of Alaskans. The pipeline is essential to both. Our technology is adequate to minimize the risks. And so is our will: the petroleum industry is currently spending more than \$1.5 million a day on environmental protection.

While the environmental issues are studied and debated, construction of the pipeline is at a standstill and Alaska's economic plight worsens. Total employment in the state's oil industry has dropped 60 percent. The big oil companies are beginning to close out exploration operations



and send their crews south to West Coast installations. Isn't it time somebody said, "Wait a minute! We recognize the environmental risks, but in view of the national interest, shouldn't we take into account other considerations?"

**Emission Standards.** Certainly, tougher emission standards for automobiles should be sought. But, over the last decade, the amount of hydrocarbons given off by new automobiles has already been reduced by 80 percent—with carbon-monoxide emissions down by 65 percent. With existing capabilities, these improvements can continue, in an orderly way. The automobile industry is currently investing a quarter of a billion dollars yearly on such pollution controls.

But a mandatory standard of the Clean Air Act Amendment of 1970 demands a 90-percent reduction below *today's* emission levels by 1975. This means that your automobile could be barred from the highway then if it releases, in one day's travel, more hydrocarbons than are released by the burning of two logs in your fireplace.

The Environmental Protection Agency has reported to Congress that we simply do not now have the technology to comply with some of the emission standards that have

been written into the law. The bill for providing that technology will soar into the high millions. And every car-buyer will pay it—in a higher price for his automobile.

**Rx: A Common-Sense Approach.** From now on, let us apply a sense of realism in dealing with economic and technological factors, and with the impatience of those who would like to clean up the country overnight. Dr. Philip Handler, president of the National Academy of Sciences, put it well last May when he said, "My special plea is that we do not, out of a combination of emotional zeal and ecological ignorance, hastily substitute environmental tragedy for existing environmental deterioration. Let's not replace known evils with insufficiently understood unknown evils."

All we seek in these considerations is a balancing of values, a weighing of proper priorities, a measuring of the social and economic costs against benefits. If we approach our problems in that spirit, we can meet our ecological needs, clean up the country, and do so without undue economic risks for anyone—all within the framework of continued technological progress.

Let us continue to fight pollution—but let us do so realistically and soundly.



Way Out!

**IF** it cost a penny to ride 1000 miles, a trip around the world would cost 25 cents; to the moon, \$2.38; to the sun, only \$930; but a trip to the nearest star would cost \$260 million.

—Monty Crane in *Good Reading*

## Answers to

### "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

1. **obsequious**—B: Deference; homage; gesture of respect, as a bow; as, to give *obsequious* to a king. Old French *obeir*, "to obey."
2. **compendium**—A: Short, complete summary; abridgment; abstract; as, a *compendium* of legal decisions. Latin *compendere*, "to weigh together."
3. **vilify**—D: To slander; malign; make abusive statements about; as, to *vilify* a political opponent. Latin *vilis*, "cheap, worth little."
4. **capitulate**—C: To surrender; cease resistance; yield; as, to *capitulate* to superior forces. Latin *capitulare*, "to draw up under headings."
5. **verification**—D: Authentication; substantiation; confirmation of the truth or accuracy of; as, the *verification* of a news report. Latin *verificare*, "to make true."
6. **disabuse**—A: To set right; undeceive; free from false or mistaken ideas; as, to *disabuse* a person of his belief in witchery. French *désabuser*.
7. **rapprochement**—B: Reconciliation; establishment or state of cordial relations; as, achieving a U.S.-Chinese *rapprochement*. French *rapprocher*, "to bring together."
8. **prodigious**—C: Enormous; monstrous; extraordinary in size, quantity or degree; as, a *prodigious* appetite. Latin *prodigiosus*, "strange, wonderful."
9. **revisionist**—D: One who moves to re-examine and revise existing concepts or doctrines in light of subsequent knowledge; as, a Marxist *revisionist*. Latin *revidere*, "to see again."

10. **concord**—C: Agreement; harmony;

as, to strive for *concord* among the delegates. Latin *concordare*, "to agree."

11. **expendable**—A: Replaceable; worth sacrificing to gain an objective; as, *expendable* military equipment. Latin *expendere*, "to weigh out, expend."
12. **oblivion**—B: Obscurity; condition of being completely forgotten; as, to be relegated to political *oblivion*. Latin *oblivisci*, "to forget."
13. **agronomist**—A: Specialist in field-crop production and soil management. Greek *agros*, "field."
14. **formidable**—C: Causing fear or apprehension; having characteristics that discourage approach or attack; inspiring awe or wonder; as, a *formidable* storm. Latin *formidare*, "to dread."
15. **befriend**—B: To aid; act as a friend to; show kindness to; as, to *befriend* a stranger.
16. **defect**—D: To desert or forsake a cause or party and espouse another; as, the spy's plan to *defect* to the West. Latin *deficere*, "to desert."
17. **histrionic**—B: Overly dramatic; deliberately affected; theatrical; as, *histrionic* fits of temper. Latin *histrion*, "actor."
18. **minion**—C: Servile follower; creature; tool; also, subordinate official; as, the dictator's *minions*. French *mignon*.
19. **dilatory**—D: Tardy; inclined to delay or procrastinate; as, to be *dilatory* in keeping appointments. Latin *dilatari*, from *differre*, "to delay, postpone."
20. **foment**—A: To rouse; stir up; instigate; incite; as, to *foment* riots. Latin *fomentum*, from *fovere*, "to warm."

### Vocabulary Ratings

- |                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| 20—18 correct..... | excellent |
| 17—16 correct..... | good      |
| 15—14 correct..... | fair      |

Serious social and economic unrest is festering under the tropical sun. Will it explode?

## Storm Warnings in the Caribbean

By CARL T. ROWAN AND DAVID M. MAZIE

**M**ost Americans regard the Caribbean as a quiet retreat from a troubled world, a sunny playground with balmy beaches, soft sea breezes, calypso music, rum punch and duty-free ports. It is all that. But beyond the seaside resorts and the view from the cruise ships—off in crowded slums, backward rural areas and on college campuses—not soft breezes but harsh winds of discontent and unrest are blowing.

A state of emergency is declared in Trinidad in the face of new labor unrest and political tension, 18 months after riots and mutiny had left four persons dead on that is-

land and brought U.S. warships to the scene. Voters turn out the premier of Antigua after 25 years in office, and signal trouble for other old-line Caribbean politicians. Police use tear gas to quell demonstrations in Grenada. On campuses of the University of the West Indies in Jamaica and Trinidad, small groups of intellectuals talk of reclaiming resources from foreigners, of restructuring society and sometimes of revolution.

**Have-Nots vs. Haves.** These manifestations of discontent have been lumped together as "black power, Caribbean style." That label is somewhat misleading, for the move-

ment is not the same as its U.S. namesake. Current Caribbean unrest is primarily a class struggle—have-nots vs. haves. It is not strictly black, but rather a fusion of labor, youth and racial protest that emphasizes social justice and economic nationalism. "These uprisings would have happened no matter what the complexions of those involved," insists a black Trinidad journalist.

There is not any massive, carefully organized plot to terrorize tourists, capture oil fields and install Fidel Castro as prime minister. Nor has any powerful pan-Caribbean leader emerged. But neither is the movement weak or meaningless, capable of being brushed aside with token reforms and tougher police. Rather, the movement represents the cry of frustrated people for a better life and a little of the self-respect and dignity that have been denied them during 4½ centuries of colonial subservience.

The United States cannot afford to ignore these aspirations, for what becomes of them is vitally important to both the Caribbean and America. Strung out only half an hour to three hours' flying time from Florida, the dozens of islands are vacationland for more than a million Americans each year and the repository of \$3 billion worth of U.S. business investments (not counting those in Puerto Rico). Their strategic importance is obvious. Yet for decades what little attention was

given the West Indies by America was concentrated on the islands of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Puerto Rico. Ironically, it is the rest of the Caribbean—primarily lands that were or still are associated with the British Commonwealth—which is now in the spotlight.

**Economic White Face.** Spread over an area half the size of the United States, the former British possessions curve from the Bahamas and Jamaica in the north, through the Leeward and Windward islands to Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, and on to Guyana on the South American coast. The five million people of these diverse lands are about 75 percent of African descent, 15 percent East Indian (concentrated in Trinidad and Guyana), plus a scattering of Chinese, Europeans, Middle Easterners, Americans and Canadians.

Four territories—Jamaica, Trinidad-and-Tobago, Barbados, Guyana—became independent in the 1960s, and others began moving toward self-government. Oil and bauxite (aluminum ore) started moving out to world markets, and tourists started pouring in, bringing increased revenues. But problems multiplied. Sharp divisions of wealth, racial discrimination, along with swelling populations, widespread unemployment and poverty, and a power vacuum in the wake of retreating colonialism, have meant frustration for the masses who



haven't shared in the benefits of change.

They are discovering that a black man in the prime minister's office doesn't necessarily guarantee prosperity or total independence. While it is true that Negroes have gained a large share of political power in the Caribbean, they have not attained anywhere near the same kind of economic power. As Gordon K. Lewis, author of *The Growth of the Modern West Indies*, puts it: "The political face is black, and the economic face is white."

Take Jamaica, largest of the former British West Indies islands. It is the world's leading source of bauxite, mined mostly by four U.S. firms. That, together with extensive holdings in tourism, the No. 2 industry, puts Americans at the top

12 to 25 percent. Many of the employed have only seasonal work. A family crowded into a mud-and-metal shack in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, has only to glance up to see \$75,000 homes in the foothills of the Blue Mountains.

In Trinidad, whose oil resources make it the most prosperous island, only 5000 jobs are available for the 30,000 pupils who graduate from high school each year. In Barbados, busboys at plush "gold coast" hotels watch tourists shell out in one week what they themselves struggle a year to earn. The story is repeated elsewhere: desperate housing conditions; inadequate education systems; foreign ownership and control in the major sectors of business; street corners filled with the jobless; U.S. consulates swamped with thousands

of the economic ladder. Next in line, according to a Jamaican diplomat, are British (sugar), Canadians (insurance and banking), Jamaican Jews (a little of everything), Lebanese (haberdashery) and Chinese (groceries). Interspersed in this hierarchy is an elite group of prosperous Jamaicans of African descent, derisively called "black Englishmen" by militants.

In contrast are the black masses. Unemployment ranges from

of would-be emigrants seeking work visas.

The militants aim at these targets and insist that control of natural resources and businesses—whether banks, bauxite or beaches—should be in local hands, that the wealth should be divided more equitably. Just how this is to be achieved is neither clear nor unanimously agreed upon.

Tony Abrahams, national director of tourism in Jamaica, feels that black-power leaders do not fully understand the importance of foreign capital in providing more jobs. "Let's not fool ourselves," he says; "this country is poor. We need ways and means of developing." Actually, few black-power spokesmen insist that foreign business be driven out completely; rather, the idea is to control it. Says James Millette, a black-power spokesman in Trinidad: "We must establish clear criteria for foreign investment—set limits on the amount, the level of return, the rights of investors."

In addition to its economic thrust, black protest in the Caribbean involves a search for identity. Centuries of servitude and colonialism have given West Indies blacks a massive inferiority complex. Now they seek a sense of pride and confidence, which leads some to reject all that is not black. This creates a dilemma. Many of the successful East Indians and other non-Africans are just as much "natives" of their islands as the Negroes, and have faced similar disadvantages. They

cannot understand someone who tells them, "You've got too much." Thoughtful black militants acknowledge that their movement must rise above racism if it is to be a positive force, not a divisive one.

**Desperate Tightrope.** Although some violence has occurred, the responsible leaders do not preach hatred and destruction. Indeed, working within the existing system may be the only way to get mass support. Ken Gordon, a Trinidad newspaper editor, observes: "Working people, whatever their personal sympathies, are against revolution and law-breaking. The black-power cause has working-class sympathy, but it gets lost as violence comes in."

Whether violence comes again depends largely on what is done—or not done—by authorities in each country. So far, the reactions of government leaders have ranged from friendly embrace to tough head-knocking. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham has proclaimed Guyana a "coöperative republic," and has nationalized most of the bauxite industry. Through dialogue and accommodation, he has so thoroughly disarmed black power that its most radical group has generally supported his government. Jamaica's Hugh Shearer, on the other hand, branded black power as "irrelevant," because blacks are already in power, while Grenada's Eric Gairy set up a much-feared secret-police force to deal with dissidents. Various authorities, hoping to defuse the movement, have refused to allow some of

its leading spokesmen to travel freely among the islands, and have banned the works of some American black-power leaders.

For officials like Trinidad's Eric Williams, the situation is an ironic Caribbean version of the generation gap. They themselves were the young revolutionaries of their day, the fiery leaders of struggles for unionism and independence. Now middle-aged, they are targets of new young militants who feel that the older men have lost touch with the times and cater too much to foreign interests. These leaders are forced to walk a desperate tightrope. They know that the young and poor are angry—with reason—over lack of opportunity; but they also realize that foreign investment, tourism and technology must provide much of that opportunity.

"New Situations." Change is already under way. In Trinidad, the old shantytowns are being torn down, new public housing is going up, and a rural-development program is planned. The government bought a controlling partnership in the island's largest sugar company, and set up an agency to help black businesses get started. In Jamai-

ca, a campaign is on to encourage foreign companies to sell a majority of their stock to Jamaicans, and efforts are being accelerated to expand low- and middle-income housing. "The challenge to governments is to satisfy economic demands fast enough and still not create instant chaos," says Michael Manley, leader of the opposition party in Jamaica.

On the international level, colonialism must end in deed as well as in name. That means change on the part of world powers which have kept so tight a grip on Caribbean economics. Private firms as well as governments must be responsive to the "new situations," as indeed some already are. Specifically, this might include more liberal trade policies, devising technology relevant to the developing countries and helping to train their technicians and skilled workers.

Most important, perhaps, is for Americans and others to realize that the discontent in the Caribbean—call it black power or whatever—is a warning that serious social and economic unrest is festering under the tropical sun. It need not necessarily be feared, but it must be understood.

### Aftermath

WHEN a Frenchman suffers from that thing called a hangover, he says something roughly translatable as: "My eyes aren't opposite the holes."

—L. M. Boyd, McNaught Syndicate

ONE FELLOW says he has a one-man generation gap between the way he felt last night and the way he felt this morning. —Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

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## Humor in Uniform



ONE OF THE boys who worked at my neighborhood service station recently posted this sign in the station window:

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—LARRY MANN (Jeffersonstown, Ky.)

DURING the training-film sessions at boot camp, it was almost impossible for anyone to stay awake. The boring films and stale air were just too much. However, the drill instructor had an adroit method of keeping us alert. He informed us that it was perfectly all right to take a nap, but the man on each side of the sleeper would be required to do five turns around the parade ground.

That ended the slumber parties.

—JAMES R. ALLIGER (Tonawanda, N.Y.)

THE MEN were lined up in front of the barracks in the dark of the morning, and the sergeant was bawling orders to his corporals: "Get every blank-blank man out here on the double! Kick 'em outa bed! Turn the beds over! Get those men out here, and get 'em out this minute! I can't wait all day!"

Suddenly, out of the ranks came a voice: "Everything comes if a man will only wait."

The sergeant was enraged. "Who said that?" he roared.

"Disraeli," said the voice.

"Okay, Disraeli," bellowed the sergeant. "Fall out and wait for me in my office!"

—NORTON MOCKBIDGE, United Feature Syndicate

IT WAS a sweltering Saturday and, while the repairman was working overtime to fix our air conditioning, I was bemoaning the high cost of living in the District of Columbia area. Turning to the workman, I said, "Would you believe it? Here I am, a captain, and I need a second job to make ends meet!"

With a wry grin, he looked up and said, "I'm a lieutenant colonel."

—CAPT. JAMES A. MCCUNE (Kennesaw, Ga.)

DURING an informal seminar at the Air Force's Air Command and Staff College, one of my classmates, a Vietnam veteran, was showing movies that had been made through the gunsight of his fighter plane. At one point during the film, he commented, "This is where I got hit by an enemy shell."

Another student, wanting to know how the aircraft performed after it had been hit, asked, "Were any of your systems affected?"

Without hesitation, the flier replied, "My respiration and pulse rate increased considerably."

—CAPT. JOE H. TAFT (Maryville, Tenn.)

OUR MARINE helicopter gunships were to escort some transport helicop-

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ters on an emergency rescue of a reconnaissance team from deep within the South Vietnamese jungles. The normal procedure was for us to establish radio contact with the team to determine exactly where both they and the enemy were. Generally, we were briefed by a clear crisp voice on the radio, but on this occasion the voice came through as a whisper.

We asked the man on the radio to clarify his team's perimeter and how close to it the enemy soldiers had advanced. His response, again in a whisper, was:

"Wait a second, sir. I'll put one of them on."

—WILLIAM G. RIDGLE, JR. (Birmingham, Ala.)

WHILE waiting for a course to begin at Fort Devens, Mass., some of us lieutenants were assigned to headquarters company for two weeks. One of the new lieutenants continually boasted of his accomplishments as an engineer at college, one of which had been the construction of a space rocket. Our executive officer, an old-timer in the Army, turned to the young lieutenant and informed him that, since he was an engineer, his job would be to design a miniature golf course for the men in our unit.

"But, sir," the lieutenant protested, "I am an electrical engineer!"

"All right," the captain drawled. "Put lights on it."

—FRANK L. FRY (Stillwater, Okla.)

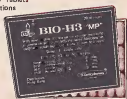
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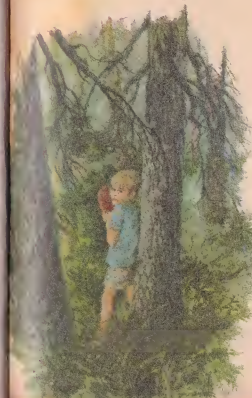
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For more than a week, thousands of volunteers had searched in vain for Kevin Dye, a nine-year-old who had vanished in the wilds of Wyoming. Now time was running out **Drama in Real Life.**

BY EDWARD D. FALES, JR.

## Lost Boy on Casper Mountain



**T**OWARD 4 p.m. on Sunday, July 18, 1971, the annual planning conference of the Casper, Wyo., Christ United Methodist Church was breaking up. The 50 or so members who had picnicked and conferred high up on wild, 8,200-foot Casper Mountain were preparing to leave the camp where they had gathered when 35-year-old Phillip Dye, the church's popular treasurer, asked, "Has anybody seen my boy Kevin?"

An hour earlier, blond, nine-year-old Kevin had squabbled with a friend over a swing. Kevin, who could not speak like other boys, had cried out shrilly and flung his arms about, and his dad had taken him to sit by himself in the family car. After 15 minutes, Phillip Dye let Kevin return to play. Thirty-five minutes

later, Kevin was gone. Other children said that he was either playing ping-pong or hiding in a nearby tree-house. "You go on home," Dye told his wife, Carolyn. "I'll bring the children down after I help clean up here."

For accountant Phillip Dye, Carolyn Dye and their three other children, the episode was nothing new. Kevin was a child tormented by brain damage, possibly due to an injury suffered at birth. To his physician, Dr. Robert Fowler, he was an "expressive aphasic." "He's like a little radio set with a damaged speaker," Dr. Fowler had told Kevin's parents. "The input is perfect, but the speaker connection doesn't work." Yet Kevin was bright, not dull or "retarded," and this made his torture great. It was no wonder, his parents reflected, that he flailed his arms and babbled, groping in despair for words that he could not say.

Yet, when Phillip's inquiries and a search of the tree-house failed to locate Kevin, he became worried. With the help of the Rev. Paul Hood and a few remaining men, he began to search the dense woods, calling Kevin's name. After two hours, he drove to a resort restaurant called the Circle A to phone Casper Sheriff Bill Estes for help. Estes was out, but a deputy promised to send up a posse.

It was about sunset when Carolyn Dye received a telephoned message that Kevin was lost. She felt her throat tighten as she looked out her big picture window toward the

mountain, a gloomy lump of granite towering over Casper like a great wave about to break. Moments later, she was rushing to gather warm sweaters and coats for herself, her husband—and Kevin. Because she was too upset to drive, she let a neighbor speed her back up the switchback mountain road.

The Dyes and Pastor Hood, who had established that the ping-pong paddle Kevin was playing with was missing, searched with the posse until 3 a.m., stumbling through acres of fallen trees—to no avail.

At breakfast, the people of Casper read in the *Star-Tribune* that Kevin was missing on Casper Mountain.

**Helping Hands.** Not long before Kevin Dye's disappearance, the nation's press had pointed a disapproving finger at Casper. This city of 40,000 had been found to have one of America's highest murder and divorce rates. Its morals were said to be lax. In such a town, then, how many people could be expected to turn out to help look for one troubled boy?

At 9 a.m. Monday, when Sheriff Estes looked down from the mountain, cars were coming from as far as the eye could see. Mothers, National Guardsmen, cowboys, businessmen, Boy Scouts began reporting in to a search base set up at the Circle A. By Thursday, Sheriff Estes estimated that 3000 people had checked in.

Not for many hours was it known that on the day Kevin vanished, two cottagers on the mountain had

glimpsed a small boy in checkered shorts and a blue pullover short-sleeved sweater wandering happily toward the Crimson Dawn trail. "He was singing and whistling and talking to the birds," they told Sheriff Estes. "And he was slapping a ping-pong paddle against trees the way kids do." At dusk, a camper had seen Kevin approaching one of the radio and TV towers on a summit near the Crimson Dawn trail.

**Days of Despair.** On Wednesday, a team of Boy Scouts tracked Kevin's slim loafer-type shoes toward frightening Elkhorn Canyon, a place of giant cliffs and deep chasms, of lodgepole pines, brown bears and rattlesnakes. "Normally, no one would ever go in that canyon," says Boy Scout leader Marvin Miller. Still, Carolyn went down into Elkhorn with a Boy Scout escort.

The next day, Kevin's parents squeezed their little red car up the Crimson Dawn trail and parked it on the highest cliff. Then for hours Carolyn Dye called. Sometimes she used a police loud-hailer, which caused her voice to echo weirdly against the cliff.

All night two men stayed at the cliff broadcasting Kevin's favorite songs from "Sesame Street." When Kevin still did not appear, his mother hung a toy clock from his schoolroom on the little car. She set its hands at 3:20, the hour that Kevin's school bus usually came to pick him up. And because Kevin had learned to read, she left a sign that said: "Kevin, the clockwatcher says it's

time to go home. Wait here for Mama."

Meanwhile, helicopters beat the woods, sending down showers of pine needles and actually blowing one searcher off his feet. And all around the mountain hundreds of watchers, armed with field glasses, lodged themselves on crags, looking for the flash of blue that would be Kevin.

But there was no Kevin. And now there had come a strange summer snow, freezing nights, fog—and despair.

Not that there weren't "sightings." Over and over came reports that people had seen Kevin running. They'd call out, they told Sheriff Estes, but he always ran on. Sometimes on craggy ridges he'd appear for an instant against the sky. He'd snatch food left for birds. At night, he'd break into cabins, steal peanut butter or raid garbage cans.

His parents' great fear, and that of psychologists, was that Kevin would forget all that he'd learned in the special school he was attending, even lose all ability to think. After five days of anguish, his mother expressed her dread: "He's become a small animal pursued by big animals, and he's frightened."

When she was on the mountain, Carolyn Dye kept her composure. "I'll never let them see me cry," she told Paul Hood. But at home she sobbed out her anguish.

**Last Hope.** On Friday, the fifth full day of the search, everyone was called off the mountain to "let the



boy rest." By now, Carolyn Dye was beginning to despair, and the search teams were wearing out. On Sunday evening, the veteran Colorado Search and Rescue Board sent two 15-man teams of volunteers—the Rocky Mountain Rescue Group and the Alpine Rescue Team—to join the search.

The next day, a curious thing happened: twice during the morning, a lanky 19-year-old appeared at the search camp to report, "I've seen Kevin." When it was learned that the youth sometimes attended a work-training class in Kevin's special school, no one put much stock in his report. "Then, at noon," recalls Sheriff Estes, "he came in again, this time carrying a bloodstained ping-pong paddle. We were stunned." The boy claimed he'd found the paddle in Middle Fork Canyon—part of the grim Elkhorn region—but he kept changing his confused, rambling story.

The Colorado teams had now taken full charge of the search. One skill that has greatly helped the Rocky Mountain Rescue Group in its 24-year history has been its ability to evaluate clues. "The teen-ager's story was so horribly contradictory that we finally felt this was in its favor," says Chuck Demarest, the Group's field commander. "We decided to send our best men down into Middle Fork in the morning."

**Hike in the Canyon.** With engineer Bill May in command, a group of five shoved off soon after dawn in sweep formation, 30 feet apart.

The men searched a summit meadow, negotiated a ridge, then began their descent toward a little stream, where it was thought that Kevin, if he was alive, would have to go for water. They'd gone only a few yards when the right anchor man, strapping forestry student Mike Murphy, came to a halt. Off to his right, leaves were moving, and he saw a lovely little doe take off in long, smooth leaps. Murphy now had an idea what some of those "sightings" of a running boy might have been.

In the dimness of deep forest, they found the stream, and Murphy felt the icy water in his boots. They began to follow the stream, heading north down the canyon. The canyon now became so steep that the team had to close ranks, moving 20 feet apart. The stream kept disappearing, then reappearing in foaming waterfalls. Murphy slipped on rocks, pushed through cool, shady grass that could conceal rattlers. Above, he could hear May's pack-radio chattering. Then, from a bushy area below, he heard a splash and saw something dragging itself up from the stream: a large, bristly porcupine, spines erect. He thought he knew now what had been stealing food from cabins.

"In the next hour," Murphy says, "we circled a million trees, scrambled under a thousand logs." Finally, he saw a little glade ahead. The sun shot a long, probing shaft into the natural clearing where the stream shone bright blue.

"What a great day for a hike!"

Murphy thought. And when he glanced toward the water again, there was something he hadn't seen at first. Near the stream was another patch of color, bright as the Wyoming sky. It was a small, blue pull-over sweater. And in it, like a crumpled fawn, lay a small child, on a patch of sun-dappled grass.

**Moment of Truth.** Murphy took a deep breath and held it. Says Chuck Demarest: "There is a mystical moment when you rescue someone whom you've been seeking for a long, long time. It's reverence. You don't want to approach him—for suddenly you have discovered how wonderful a human life is."

"Hi, Kevin," Murphy called gently, at last. As he advanced cautiously to kneel by Kevin, a pair of hungry eyes searched his face. There was no smile in them. "But there was a child's gratefulness and relief," says Murphy. He touched the terribly thin face, glad to find no feeling of fever. The small arms and legs were scratched, and thin as matchsticks. "Kevin wouldn't have lasted another night," Dr. Fowler said later. Then Bill May was on the radio, calling calmly for a stretcher.

"Kevin, do you want to go home?" asked Murphy.

A small voice quavered, "Ye-e-e-s." And suddenly Murphy knew.

Here was no cunning animal-boy who had been robbing cabins, scuttling madly over crags and outwitting 3000 people. "We'd just found a scared and tired little boy," he says. "Like any kid, he got in a little trouble, ran away, rambled happily up a trail—and then got lost. He'd probably never been out of this canyon. And now, too weak to crawl to water, he'd lain down to die."

Carrying Kevin in the stretcher, the team started the tough, two-hour walk out. "But, suddenly," says Mike Murphy, "the going became easy." The birds sang, the sun was warm, and the shade cool. It really had become "a great day for a hike!"

KEVIN has since recovered from his ordeal. Indeed, in a curious and wonderful way it seems to have wrought a change for the good in him.

"Something surely happened," says a puzzled Dr. Fowler. "His whole troubled attitude has changed. He seems at peace now with himself—and his family. He still has a long way to go, but he no longer flings his arms and throws tantrums in school."

"Someday," Dr. Fowler adds, "we may have a pretty useful citizen named Kevin Dye. That's what I hope."

**A** SPEECH is a solemn responsibility. The man who makes a bad 30-minute speech to 200 people wastes only a half hour of his own time. But he wastes 100 hours of the audience's time—more than four days—which should be a hanging offense.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Features Corp.

Praised by the poets for 2000 years, these gems of beauty are today a mecca for tourists from all over the world

## LOMBARDY'S LAKES: Blue Jewels in Italy's Crown

**B**ORN OF ice, shaped by the ages and mellowed in the warm Italian sun, the Lakes of Lombardy for 2000 years have delighted the eye, inspired the poet and invited the soul. This observation has been shared over those two millennia by the Roman poets Virgil and Catullus, by Goethe and Dante, by Tennyson and Longfellow, and by the hundreds of thousands of visitors who sojourn in the area each year.

Carved from the Alps by glaciers millions of years ago, the gemlike lakes glitter in the Italian boot top. The region blends soaring peaks



*The Rocca Scaligera, a castle completely surrounded by the waters of Lake Garda*

with lush Mediterranean vegetation. The waters of Lake Orta, westernmost of the sub-alpine lakes, flow northwards, finally emptying into

Maggiore, longest of the lakes. To the east of Lake Lugano, almost entirely Swiss, sprawls three-pronged Como with its celebrated villas and resorts. Lakes Iseo and Idro, though smaller and less famous than their neighbors, play host to almost as many visitors. Largest in area, Garda marks the eastern limit of Lombardy's lake country.

**Waves of Conquest.** The history of the lakes area reflects the turbulence of European political upheavals over 25 centuries. Before the time of Christ it had known the rule of Etruscans, Celts and Romans.

and reigned over it for more than 200 years. Feudal rulers held sway until well into the Renaissance; then came a merry-go-round of Spanish, French and Austrian rule. It was not until the middle of the last century that the area became truly Italian.

Dominating the bustling city of Como is the superb Cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore, a delightful blending of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, on which work began in the 14th century. The great main entrance door is flanked by statues of two pagans: the Elder and Younger Pliny, Roman statesmen



*Bustling Como, lakeside city of silk and sunshine, reflects the turbulence of Italy's colorful past*

Rome decayed and Goths, Huns, Vandals and Ostrogoths ruled in turn. Then, in the sixth century, the Lombard tribe conquered the area

and men of letters, who had villas on the lake.

Como is a delightful place for a holiday. The fragrant odor of pitto-

sporum hedges fills the early summer air, and flowering bushes and trees line the ancient streets of the residential sector. The lake front is a boatman's heaven, dotted with hydrofoils, steamers, ferries, sailboats, speedboats, inflated rubber craft and the local "Lucias"—rowboats in which the rower stands.

However, tourism, while important, is far from being the principal industry of the lake's region. In fact,



*Varenna, one of Lake Como's loveliest towns. Here, in the sixth century, lived Queen Theodolinda, possessor of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, said to be wrought from a Crucifixion nail*

it ranks fourth. Silk is the first, then furniture manufacture, then light industry. The economy here is very well balanced and the Como area is about the most prosperous in Italy.

On the shore of what Longfellow called "the loveliest of all lakes" lie the tourist-oriented resort towns of Tremezzo and Cadenabbia, and bustling Menaggio. Near the upper reaches of the lake are Dongo, Gravedona and Sorico. Today, these last three towns are tourist centers, but until the beginning of the 15th century they formed the tiny *Repubblica delle Tre Pievi*. It was the fleet of Gravedona, its capital

city, which in 1178 inflicted a humiliating defeat upon the mighty German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa as he was returning from his fifth expedition to northern Italy.

The people of Gravedona got news of his treasure-laden fleet and, joined by boats from other lake-shore towns, intercepted it. The battle was bloody, but the men of the *Tre Pievi*

knew their own waters better than the invader. They captured the entire flotilla and the booty.

And it was in Dongo, only a few miles from Gravedona, that Benito Mussolini, attempting to flee to Switzerland in a German truck, was captured in the piazza with his companion, Claretta Petacci. The next day they were shot in the little village of Mezzegra, near Tremezzo. A simple cross, bearing the name Cla-

lecco to the east, is a promontory of great beauty. At its tip is La Punta Spartivento—The Point That Divides the Wind. Here lies Bellagio, a favorite retreat in the time of the Caesars and a mecca for tourists today. Pliny the Younger had a villa here, and wrote enthusiastically about the view. It was here that Franz Liszt wrote his lyrical *Dante Fantasia* in 1837.

If Lake Como invites the muse



*Catullo's Caves are the ruins of what in Roman times was a splendid villa near Sirmione, on Lake Garda. The lake, with its many beaches, is a tourist's delight*

retta Petacci and the date April 28, 1945, marks the spot. There is no mention of Mussolini—only a scrawled "Duce" on a nearby wall.

Jutting into Lake Como, between the town of Como to the west and

and delights the eye, there is a village in the mountains above it which does something more important: it warms the heart. Its name is Premiana, and it is so old that no one really knows when it began.

Its people are metalworkers almost to a man, and their settlement here goes back at least to Roman times. Their fathers and their grandfathers



Isola Bella's magnificent terraced gardens, planted on what was once a barren rock by a 17th-century count, Carlo II Borromeo, as a tribute to his wife Isabella

and their grandfathers' great-grandfathers had worked with metal in this mountain eyrie, passing their skills from generation to generation. They were still working in iron in later centuries, shaping arms for the fighting men of Milan and Verona, and hardware for the gondola makers of Venice.

And then, more than a century ago, the iron mines which dotted their mountains ran out.

Another and less hardy people might have left their village and their mountains for an easier life in the cities below. But the people of Premana refused to let their village die. The know-how was still there; only the metal was missing. The an-

swer: bring the metal to the skills. And the forging trade continued.

After the war they turned to steel — highly tempered steel, hard to work, but very valuable when properly shaped. They fashioned scissors, surgical instruments and knives — and beautifully made ice axes, climbers' tools to be forged with infinite care because on them a man's life might depend. And they did so well that, far from dying, Premana is one of the few villages in Italy which has not lost population to the cities. Indeed, it has gained 300 people in the past ten years.

Drive east from Lake Como and you arrive at Lake Garda and the town of Sirmione, almost at the tip of a long, narrow peninsula which thrusts from Garda's southern shore. Garda is a tourist's dream. Its shores are lined with pebbled beaches and

modest, sun-drenched hotels, and near the tip towers the great Rocca, the castle of the Scaligeri family.

Some 20 miles north of the town of Bardolino (from which one of Italy's best-known red wines takes its name) lies the enchanting village of Malcesine. Today it is a pleasant resort, but from the 15th to the 18th centuries, when Venice ruled the area, it was the most formidable fortress on that powerful republic's northern borders.

The ruins of the ancient fortifications still attract tourists today as they did in the 18th century. When Johann Wolfgang von Goethe came here in 1786, on his first visit to Italy, he was arrested for sketching the crumbling towers. His attempts to explain that he was interested only in the beauty of the scene didn't fool the local officials for a minute. With his heavy German accent, he was obviously a spy! So Germany's great literary genius, apparently lacking proper identification papers, was detained by a magistrate. Ultimately, he was identified and released.

To the west, over Italy's excellent *autostrade*, lies Lake Maggiore, about which another literary genius spoke high praise. "I call the Lago Maggiore district the Eden of Italy," wrote John Ruskin a century ago, crediting it with the "purest air, richest earth, loveliest wave and the same noble race that founded the architecture of Italy at Como." Maggiore is

today a haven for campers. Whole families arrive with tents and inflatable boats, and spend their holidays in the open at low cost. Perhaps the chief beauty of Maggiore lies in its islands. Seen from the town of Stresa, one of them — the Isola Bella — rises from the cerulean waters like a precious gem. Isola Bella is man's triumph over nature. Until the 17th century it was a barren rock, inhabited by a few fishermen. Then Count Carlo II Borromeo decided to turn it into a garden spot, dedicated to his wife Isabella and called by her name.

It was Carlo Borromeo's dream to turn his island into a replica of a ship, with gardens terraced to resemble prow and superstructure, and a palace screened by the greenery. He died in 1652 before it was completed, but his son Vitaliano finished the principal portion of the work. Dozens of landscape architects and generations of workmen have labored in the intervening centuries to make Isola Bella what it is today: one of the world's most beautiful gardens.

The gardens are formed by ten terraces, a marvel for the intricate design and the remarkable collection of trees and flowering plants from all over the world — New Zealand, Nepal, Argentina, China, Chile, Mexico and Japan.

In its setting, Isola Bella is just another gem among gems to delight the fortunate traveler who comes upon Lombardy's lakes.



PLEASURE is the sincerest compliment. — Coco Chanel, quoted by Joseph Barry in *McCall's*



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## STRIDING



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WILLIAM FITZGIBBON

OUR ancestors were firm believers in the values of walking. Thomas Jefferson, for one, called it "the best of all exercises." Others, like Abraham Lincoln, were great walkers themselves. Yet they didn't know the *precise* physical effects of walking. Modern medicine does—and today doctors make assertions about the benefits of brisk walking that have a sound basis in medical fact.

It is not mere walking that they are talking about—it is *brisk* walking, which brings the human stride into play. Says the American Medical Association's Committee on Exercise and Physical Fitness: "Walking briskly, not just strolling, is the simplest and also one of the best forms of exercise." Adds noted heart specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White: "It is the easiest exercise for most individuals, one that can be

done without equipment except good shoes, in almost any terrain and weather and into very old age."

Sauntering, window-shopping, ambling—these do not bring the stride into action, and, slow though they are, they are often tiring. Each of us has his own stride—and hitting it, for one long distance or several short distances in the course of a day, brings to us the boons of this distance-eating, timesaving, untiring, pleasurable motion that is so natural to the human species.

No other creature plants down a heel, rolls on a sole to a springy big toe in a movement in which both feet are on the ground together only 25 percent of the time, knees articulating, muscles flexing easily, pelvic saddle swiveling in a marvel of simple engineering. Nowadays, for good reason, man has applied the term "hit your stride" to describe times in workaday or personal activities when things have meshed for him, when he has been in overdrive and operating smoothly, doing more work with less effort and fewer mistakes.

"I have two doctors," goes the old saw, "my left leg and my right." Dr. White backs this up, saying, "A vigorous five-mile walk will do more good for an unhappy but otherwise healthy adult than all the medicine and psychology in the world." Here's why:

*Striding improves the blood circulation.* All of the benefits from daily striding are closely keyed to

the increased oxygen intake, greater heart exercise and better blood circulation that this natural exercise provides. The human muscular system acts as an auxiliary blood pump, returning blood to the heart. Since the leg muscles are the largest and most powerful muscles in the body, their work is enormously important. But if they are not being used much, at least with any vigor, then they are not squeezing the blood back toward the heart with any force.

Brisk walking is also important as it affects the human capillary system. There are 60,000 miles of blood vessels in the body, mostly capillaries—those minute vessels responsible for irrigating the flesh. Danish Nobel Prize-winning physiologist August Krogh first showed, in the 1920s, how capillaries open and close: only a few will open when a muscle is at rest; perhaps 50 times as many will open when the muscle is being exercised. In 1965, physiologist K. Lange Anersen, of the University of Bergen, Norway, reported that a sturdy daily activity such as striding will not only awaken dormant capillaries but apparently increase the number of these vessels that nourish the muscles.

*Striding clears the mind and improves the disposition.* Fifth-century Greeks believed that walking made their minds lucid and helped them crack problems of logic and philosophy. Former President Harry Truman has always believed that his

daily pre-breakfast walk was therapeutic. "They doubtless discovered," says Dr. White, "that their minds were clearer when they kept moving to bring more blood to the head and more oxygen to the blood."

Not only is logical thought helped by mental clarity, but so, it seems, is esthetic thought—appreciation of beauty. It may be that some of the visual splendors in William Wordsworth's poems, such as "The Daffodils," are linked to the fact that he was one of the great walkers of his time. His writer-friend Thomas De Quincey believed that "to walking, Wordsworth was indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings."

It's folklore knowledge that walking also helps dispel a temper, and when we go off down the block to "cool off" we don't saunter—we stride. I once accompanied a friend who plunged out into the night after a disagreement in which others had kept their tempers and he had lost his. After ten minutes of striding, he was feeling less explosive; and when we returned, the discussion was resumed with equanimity. Later, he told me that he was surprised at how much the others' dispositions had improved by the time he returned.

Dr. White emphasizes striding's tranquilizing effects. "A brisk long walk in the evening," he says, "may be more helpful as a hypnotic than any medicine, highball or TV show."

*Striding cuts fatigue.* Once strid-

ing has been entrenched as a daily habit, you get bonuses from being in shape. Few constant brisk walkers need laxatives. Lower-back muscles, which benefit from striding, are likely to resist ache, even in old age, and to permit easier bending movement. Above all, the in-shape body is not so easily fatigued. Even when pushed hard, it is able to call on special reserves and keep from being overwhelmed by weariness. (Consider the aborigines who inhabit Australia's bleak, dry interior, striding mile upon mile in search of water and food—yet who seem untiring.) This prevention of early fatigue not only helps one feel better during exertion; it represents a safety quotient—more strength when needed.

Experts are cautious about making claims that daily striding will increase one's life-span. There is no hard proof that it will, and the most that experts will say is that with brisk daily walking you can remain youthful in condition, if not in chronological years.

A PRIME point in favor of brisk walking is that you don't have to schedule it; you can just incorporate it in your daily life-style. If you have a few blocks to go on an errand, walk them briskly. The short distance between transportation point and office—the same. Hit your stride down corridors; don't amble. Since a short brisk walk is worth two miles of ambling, you can easily get in a minimal amount of good

exercise every day. And, as striding becomes a habit, you will soon get more exercise, willingly.

You will become aware that your mind is clearer, that your eyes are brighter. You'll feel as though you're looking out of newly cleaned win-

dows, and you'll know that you are adding to your body's resources. Not bad benefits—and they are all within walking distance.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 124



### Notes From All Over

IN GREECE there's a new ceiling on wages. The supreme court decreed that a business firm may not pay an employee more than the country's premier earns.

—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

HUNTERS in Italy are required to take out insurance before they can get hunting licenses. A recent season's toll was 80 hunters killed and 4000 wounded—all by other hunters.

—*The Insider's Newsletter*

STOCKHOLM has a *Klotterplank*, or Scribble Board. It's a big empty billboard erected by the city in an underground shopping concourse, to provide all-weather opportunities for self-expression. Anyone can write what he likes in charcoal or chalk, and the city wipes the board clean every night.

—*John M. Lee in New York Times*

DOES music really have charms to soothe the savage breast? The Eskimos of Greenland would say yes. Their favorite method of settling disputes is to have each contender compose a sarcastic song about his opponent and sing it at a public gathering. The audience decides who is the winner—and thereafter the loser must keep quiet!

—*In a Nutshell*

WHAT is the fishing industry to do when rising mercury levels imperil its domestic markets? In Sweden, fishermen are curing pike skins, as a replacement for crocodile and lizard skins. Swedish specialists say the skins are strong, attractive and flexible, and can be used for shoes, purses, belts—even bikinis.

—*Business Week*

MOTORCYCLE fire engines have gone into service in an effort to beat the traffic in Paris. Officials explain that in dense central Paris, where the streets are narrow, full-size fire engines and ambulances often are delayed. Trained men on the new motorcycles, carrying extinguishers, zip to the fire first—on the sidewalks if necessary—and do all possible until the arrival of normal crews.

—*Road & Track*

BACK in 1309 A.D. an Indian inhabitant of what is now Mexico City was found guilty of burning charcoal in the city and polluting the air. He was ordered hanged for this offense. Today Mexico City has a carbon-monoxide level greater than metropolitan New York, a sulfur-dioxide level greater than that of London, and ten times the industrial contaminants of the industrialized Rhine River Valley.

—*John J. A. McLaughlin in Fordham*

# Make Way for the Magic Carpets!

By HARLAND MANCHESTER

Supported on a cushion of air, the hovercraft is revolutionizing travel on land, sea and northern tundra

THE SPRAWLING pancake-shaped craft looks like a cross between a Mississippi steamboat and a public garage. It's 130 feet long and has a 78-foot beam. Loaded with 30 cars and 254 people, it weighs 178 tons. Yet, this ungainly ark can fly about eight feet above the surface of water at 80 miles an hour.

Call it a ship, a bus or a plane, this is the world's biggest and fastest hovercraft, one of four sister craft that in 1970 ferried 120,000 cars and 850,000 passengers across the English Channel. Four big air-craft propellers drive this revolutionary amphibian forward. Suspended above the waves on an air cushion maintained by down-

draft fans, and free of the buffeting drag which slows up surface ships, it makes the 30-mile trip in just over half an hour. Such a ferry can ride over land or water without wheels, landing equipment, conventional dock or harbor. A hinged bow ramp door and large stern doors let vehicles embark and disembark at a seaside car park.

This versatile craft is only one of many types of ACVs (Air Cushion Vehicles) which have been built during the last 12 years in Britain, Canada, France, Germany, Russia, Japan and the United States. The ACV's recognized inventor is Christopher Cockerell, a Cambridge-trained electronics engineer who in the 1950s, seeking some way to make boats go faster, hit upon the idea of making them float on a cushion of air.

Cockerell—he became Sir Christopher in 1969—constructed a punt, the sides of which extended below the base of the vessel, and installed a blower on board: his aim was to introduce an air cushion beneath the punt and thus make it go faster. Air was blown down through slots at the front of the punt and, contained by the extended sidewalls, it traveled the length of the craft to escape at the back. The device showed promise.

After other experiments along similar lines, Cockerell took two inverted tin cans, one resting inside the other, and blew air through a hole in the top of the outer can.

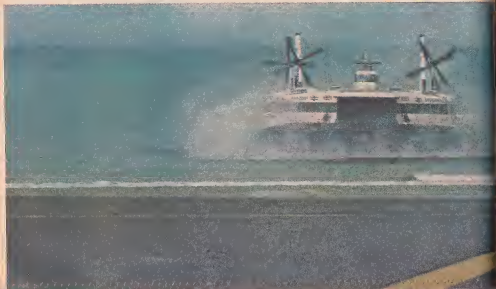
This formed a circular curtain of air which created and kept trapped an inner compressed-air cushion. When he suspended the apparatus over a pair of kitchen scales, its lift efficiency was surprisingly high.

Cockerell continued to experiment and eventually Britain's National Research Development Corporation offered him financial backing. The result was a 30-foot pioneer ACV which caused a worldwide sensation with its successful cross-channel trial run in the summer of 1959.

Many improvements have been made since that first hovercraft. Most important: a flexible rubberized skirt added round the outside of the flat bottom to help imprison the air, reducing the power needed to maintain pressure. While the skirt brushed harmlessly on the water's surface, in overland tests it sometimes snagged on upright objects—so its hem was fitted with "fingers" which would separate to allow for sideways irregularities. Then came canvas keels to subdivide air cushions and ensure stability.

Early ACVs could travel only over smooth surfaces; today's deep-skirted craft can deal with almost any surface. Hovercraft tested by the Canadian Armed Forces near Fort Churchill have crossed pack ice with ridges and hummocks up to three feet without difficulty.

Other types of air-cushion vehicles are now appearing. Hover-



marine Transport, Ltd., of Southampton, has produced a craft, now in ferry service in Britain, flanked with rigid sidewalls and flexible skirts fore and aft. The sidewalls, which draw only a foot of water when the hovercraft is airborne, support little of the vessel's weight, which is mostly held up by the air cushion. The advantages: the craft is easier to control in crowded waters and can be driven with quiet, submerged propellers instead of noisy airplane props.

The rail industry, too, is feeling the effect of the air cushion. On a test track near Gometz-la-Ville, France, I rode aboard a wheelless passenger train designed by a brilliant French engineer, Jean Bertin. The train rides on a flat concrete track astride a central elevated rail. Blowers force air downward, providing lift and preventing contact between car and roadbed. Result: a smooth ride, no wear, and speeds up to 186 miles an hour.

Bertin's experimental *Aérotrain* traveled more than 15,000 miles on its special four-mile track and carried more than 8000 passengers. Indeed, tests proved so successful that the French government is about to decide on the construction of an air-cushion line linking the two Paris airports of Orly and Roissy.

Last summer, Britain's hovertrain went through its first paces on an air-cushion track near Cambridge. By the end of 1972,

when it will have eight miles of track, it will be racing at speeds of up to 300 miles an hour driven by a linear electric motor. Airport-to-city hovertrains projected for Paris and Los Angeles are likely to provide the ultimate in smooth, silent, fume-free travel.

The air-riding train is only one of Jean Bertin's projects. Besides two 100-passenger air-cushion ferries now in service in Mediterranean ports, he has designed an air-cushion truck. Ordinary wheels provide steering and propulsion, but most of its three-ton load is supported by "air pads" under the body. When it is fully developed, the amazing monster will crawl easily over logs and rocks, cross swamps, paddle across a river, and climb a bank.

Spectacular feats have been achieved in this sphere. In December 1970 a new world weight-lifting record was set by Air Cushion Equipment of Southampton when two 250-ton oil storage tanks were "floated" to a new location on a cushion of air. A hovertrailer came to the rescue of a team laying natural gas pipeline in Scotland, after two tractors had disappeared into a boggy moor. Air-cushion platforms move 100-ton oil drilling rigs in the Arctic, even when summer turns the icy tundra into a quagmire.

Hovercraft in kiddycar and mini sizes are now being produced in several countries. Canahover Ltd.,

of Ottawa has sold some 200 of its two-seater Hoverover leisure and freight models all over the world, and Hovermarine (Canada) Ltd. expects to market its new Sandpiper recreational craft for about \$5000. Hover-air, a British company, now sells 500 one-seater and two-seater hovercraft annually.

Soon after the first hovercraft slid down the launching ramp on the Isle of Wight, the idea crossed the Atlantic. For a while, Pacific Hovercraft Ltd. ran a regular ferry service linking Vancouver with Victoria and Nanaimo, and the Canadian Coast Guard acquired a British-made ACW for west coast search and rescue work. Now Bell Aerospace of Niagara Falls, N.Y., under license from the British Hovercraft Corp., has committed a large factory to production of air-cushion vehicles of several sizes and types. At its Grand Bend, Ont., plant, Bell is manufacturing a twin-engine heavy-haul hovercraft for use in remote northern areas. Called the *Voyageur*, the craft will be capable of carrying 25 tons of cargo or 150 to 200 passengers and has engines specially designed for cold weather operation. Tests in the North have shown that the *Voyageur*'s low cushion pressure, unlike conventional transportation, does not damage the sensitive Arctic ecology.

Three British ACVs, purchased by Bell and converted to military

use, have been outstandingly successful in U.S. Navy operations over South Vietnam's Mekong Delta. Armor-plated and equipped with radar and machine guns, these 40-foot gunboats ride four feet above the surface, plowing through undergrowth and beating aside bushes six to ten feet high. They are fast and effective in reconnaissance, rescue and transport work. One pilot calls them "the only beast except the water buffalo that can operate in such terrain."

Bell is looking ahead to an air-cushion landing craft which can carry troops far into the interior at 60 miles an hour; an air-skimmer coastal commuter service; even a 4000- or 5000-ton ocean transport some 300 feet long, which would cross the Atlantic in 35 hours—five times faster than passenger liners. Bell now has a contract to work on wheelless, air-cushion landing equipment for the C-119 Flying Boxcar cargo plane.

"The air-cushion concept has gone far in its first decade," says Christopher Cockerell. "But we have yet to explore all the possibilities. It is too early for the principle to congeal in a few types."

Cockerell shouldn't worry. New plans are being discussed all the time. Indeed, Jean Bertin is hardly exaggerating when he says, "We can transport almost anything, almost anywhere with air-cushion suspension."





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## Points to Ponder

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Shirley Sloan Fader:

When planning business meetings or social gatherings, it's useful to know that crowded equals cranky—for men, at least. In tight quarters, men will become harsher, more competitive, and more displeased with each other. However, if you have to, you can coop women together, and they will react happily. Mixed groups of men and women are not affected either way. Recent psychological research supported by Ford Foundation funds has dramatically discovered some of the effects of space on people by studying jury decisions. An all-male jury in a crowded jury room, it was discovered, will pass a severe sentence. In the same jury room, an all-female group will be lenient—more lenient than they would be in a larger room.

—Family Weekly

Mary McCarthy in *The Writing on the Wall and Other Literary Essays*:

Understanding is often a prelude to forgiveness, but they are not the same, and we often forgive what we cannot understand (seeing nothing else to do) and understand what we cannot pardon.

—Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

R. Buckminster Fuller in *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*:

I am enthusiastic over humanity's extraordinary and sometimes very timely ingenuities. If you are in a shipwreck and all the boats are gone, a

piano top buoyant enough to keep you afloat may come along and make a fortuitous life preserver. This is not to say, though, that the best way to design a life preserver is in the form of a piano top. I think that we are clinging to a great many piano tops in accepting yesterday's fortuitous contrivings as constituting the only means for solving a given problem.

—Southern Illinois University Press

Charlotte Paul Reese, who served six years on the U.S. Board of Parole:

I believe from the bottom of my heart that there is nothing any of us might not do if certain circumstances were different. The breaking point for each of us is different. We differ from the criminals in what we've done, rather than in what we are.

Robert W. Youngs in *Renewing Your Faith Day by Day*:

Prayer is a wise and practical way to start the new year. But at the end of this year, if it turns out to be a better year than last, may we remember to praise God, who responded to our pleading. Let us not be like the man lost in the deep woods. Later, in describing the experience, he told how frightened he was and how he had even knelt and prayed. "Did God answer your prayer?" someone asked. "Oh, no!" was the reply. "Before God had a chance, a guide came along and showed me the path."

—Doubleday

By NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, D.D.  
Minister, Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

## YOU CAN STOP BEING A PROCRASTINATOR

The penalties of putting things off are cumulative. But there are ways to avoid the pile-up

THE most rewarding New Year's resolution that I ever managed to keep was one I made years ago: to stop being a procrastinator. In those days I was a confirmed putter-off. I hated to make decisions, avoided difficult or unpleasant tasks. The more demanding a pressure or obligation became, the more I tended to delay facing it. I was in real danger of becoming completely swamped.

It took a few words from a level-headed friend to make me see the problem clearly. "Norman," he said, "you seem to think that this procrastination of yours is a built-in part of your personality or perhaps an incurable disease. Well, it's neither. It's a bad habit, and like all habits it can be broken. You had better break this one—before it breaks you!"

That warning got through to me. I resolved to work on the problem until I licked it. In the process, I hammered out some guidelines that any chronic putter-offer may find helpful. Here they are.

*Stop regarding procrastination as a harmless little hang-up.* Businessmen fail because they put off making key decisions. Marriages sometimes disintegrate because a wife can't seem to get around to washing the dishes or making the beds. People die because they put off going to the doctor. Procrastination isn't just an inconsequential bad habit; it's a villain that can thwart your ambitions, destroy your happiness, even kill you.

*Pick one specific area where procrastination plagues you—and conquer it.* Quite often I get requests for speaking engagements that I

know I cannot accept. But I hate to turn people down, and I used to put off such decisions—until it was too late to back out. When I finally forced myself to make a firm decision quickly, I was a much happier person—and so were the people who had to deal with me! If you can thus break the hold that procrastination has in one segment of your life, the sense of relief and triumph will help you eliminate it from others.

*Learn to set priorities, and then focus on one problem at a time.* Clutter and procrastination go hand in hand because each reinforces the other. A man with ten unfinished pieces of business on his desk wastes a significant part of his decision-making capacity merely attempting to choose between them. A housewife with ten chores left undone is likely to feel so overwhelmed that she may give up in despair and watch a soap opera instead of tackling any of them. Yet no two tasks, no two obligations, are of equal importance. Quite often, in my procrastinating days, I'd find myself doing optional or marginal things and neglecting essential ones. But no more. (Well, hardly ever!) Because I've learned to set priorities.

I do it by writing notes to myself all through the day about things I should attend to the next day. Then at night I list all the items in descending order of importance. That way I can tackle them in sequence the next day, joyfully crossing off each one as I dispose of it.

This may seem elementary, but

it's astonishing how much time and energy you save by finishing one job before you move on to another. You have to make up your mind, though, not to let distractions creep in. Sometimes I have to talk harshly to myself: "You are going to sit in this chair until you have finished the job in front of you."

Once the mind accepts the discipline, the needed power will flow. Above all, it's necessary to concentrate. One day in Grand Central Station, I watched the man behind the information desk. People crowded around him, clamoring, demanding, but he never became flustered. He would pick out one person, look directly at him and answer his question slowly and deliberately. He never shifted his eyes, never paid the slightest attention to anyone else until he was finished and had singled out his next questioner. When my turn came, I complimented him on his poise and concentration. He smiled. "I've learned," he said, "to focus on one person at a time and to stick with his problem until it's settled. Otherwise, I'd go mad."

It's a lesson that all procrastinators might ponder with profit.

*Give yourself deadlines.* I don't mean secret deadlines that are easy to ignore, but deadlines that other people (your mother-in-law, for instance) know about and expect you to meet. Invite a couple over to admire that room you have been meaning to paint; your pride will make you finish it before they come. It's

much harder to be a public procrastinator than a private one!

*Don't duck the most difficult problems.* To do so may be human, but in the end it just leads to greater difficulties. Years ago, I would often sit down with a stack of letters. If the first one involved a particularly thorny problem, I would put it aside and look for an easy one to answer. Result: I would soon have two or three mailbags full of unanswered letters. I would have to make a frantic effort, working far into the night, in an exhausting attempt to catch up.

One day psychiatrist Smiley Blanton told me: "You're making a mistake. Don't duck the difficult letters. Tackle them head-on. The lift you get will carry you right through the remainder of the task." I tried it—and he was right.

Families sometimes slip into serious debt because they put off paying bills until the amount owed seems insurmountable—and then they stop trying to pay at all. Yet, when with experienced help they adopt a long-range, systematic plan to pay their debts, they find they can shake off the inertia that plagued them and start moving forward again.

*Don't let perfectionism paralyze you.* Lots of people fail to act because they're afraid they may not

perform perfectly. Just the other day a woman said to me, "I've been meaning to write a note to a friend whose husband has died, but I don't know how to write a letter of condolence. I don't know how to express what I feel."

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Deeply sorry," she said. "I've been thinking about that woman and loving her and praying for her."

I scribbled her words on a piece of paper and handed them to her. "That's all you need to say," I told her. "Your friend doesn't want a literary composition; she just wants a few words from the heart."

THESE, then, are some of the devices I used to rid myself of the hobgoblin of procrastination. What it amounted to in the end was a basic change in attitude. I finally realized that the rewards of achievement are far sweeter than the rewards of self-indulgence.

Look around and you'll agree that the really happy people are those who have broken the chains of procrastination, those who find satisfaction in doing the job at hand. They're full of eagerness, zest, productivity. You can be, too.

➤ For information on reprints of this article, see page 124 ➤



*Mother Knows Best.* When I remarked that all mothers—right or wrong—believe their own babies are beautiful, my mother-in-law retorted indignantly, "Oh, I don't think so. I would have known if mine weren't."

—Contributed by Mrs. F. A. Drake

Condensed from CHICAGO SUN-TIMES  
JOHN G. HUBBELL

# Everybody Likes to Work for Bill Marriott

The inspiring saga  
of one of America's most  
imaginative employers

**L**AST Labor Day, President Nixon proudly observed: "America's competitive spirit, the work ethic of this people, is alive and well. The dignity of work, the value of achievement, the morality of self-reliance—none of these is going out of style."

No American better exemplifies that appraisal than the President's good friend, J. Willard Marriott, a former root-beer-stand operator who has seen his tiny company grow into a \$350-million-per-year corporation. Rarely has anyone started with less than Bill Marriott and, by dint of sheer, honest hard work, made more of the opportunity offered by the American system; and shared the resulting opportunities and abundance so generously with those who helped him succeed.



EVERYBODY LIKES TO WORK FOR BILL MARRIOTT

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Marriott Corp. prospers in three major areas:

**Restaurants.** Marriott Corp. operates 300 restaurants directly and franchises another 300. Included are Hot Shoppes and Roy Rogers family-style restaurants, high-volume, fast-food facilities called Jr. Hot Shoppes, Big Boy coffee shops and a few luxury eateries—the Casina Valadier, for one, which Bill Marriott emphatically insists is "the best Italian restaurant in Rome!" The company also manages food operations for colleges, hospitals and major corporations.

**Airline Catering.** In 1970 alone, some 50 million Marriott-prepared meals were served to passengers on 85 of the world's airlines, making the corporation the biggest independent operator in the business.

**Hotels.** During 1970, when hotel-occupancy rates generally fell below 70 percent, the 15 Marriott hotels (seven more are abuilding) remained approximately 80-percent full. In addition, new Marriott Inns—high-quality motels—have been raised on the edges of six Midwest-ern cities.

There is an almost tangible mystique about Marriott's company, an aura of certainty among employees that it is, deserves to be and will ever remain No. 1 in its field, and that it will achieve its announced goal of doubling sales every five years—which within ten years would make it the first billion-dollar operation of its kind. This mystique is rooted

largely in the warm personality and sensibly unselfish instincts that have always guided the man in whose image the company is cast.

**The Early Influences.** J. (for John) Willard Marriott was born on September 17, 1900, in Marriott Settlement, near Ogden, Utah, the second of eight children born to Hyrum and Ellen Marriott. His earliest memories are of a clapboard house next to a mosquito-infested irrigation canal, and of the whole family ill with typhoid fever. By the time he was eight, he was earning a man's keep, wearing cowboy clothing that was not a costume, packing a pistol that was not a toy, living off the land and working long, hot summers and longer, cold winters with the Basque shepherds who tended his father's flocks. There were numerous encounters with coyotes and mountain lions, and also a first and last experience with tobacco. (He was chewing a plug one day when a rattler sounded off nearby. The youngster swallowed hard, drew his pistol, got the rattler—and a distaste for tobacco that persists to this day.) When he was 15, Bill took thousands of sheep by train to Omaha to sell them. With this sort of responsibility, self-confidence and business acumen mounted fast.

The close-knit Marriott family was deeply religious, and by the time Bill was 19 he was eager to do his stint as a Mormon missionary. He spent two years in Connecticut and Vermont, seeking converts every-

where he went. This period had a profound effect on him, and would influence the many thousands of lives his own would touch. For the young man acquired a knowledgeable belief in the Mormon message, which enthrones honest work as a cardinal virtue, and insists on energetic independence, thrift, the self-respect that comes from providing for family, church and brothers and sisters in the Faith who have been less fortunate.

Bill got ample chance to help others as soon as he returned home. The bottom fell out of the lamb market. More than 15,000 head of sheep that his father had bought for \$14 each had to be sold for \$3 per head. Hyrum Marriott went bankrupt, and never really recovered.

**Working Partners.** As the oldest son, Bill assumed more and more family responsibility. He was determined that he and his brothers and sisters would all complete their educations. Enrolling at Weber College, in Ogden, he worked for the campus newspaper, managed a bookstore and a little theater, and taught high-school English. Though a freshman, he also served as president of the student body. In his spare time—from about 4 a.m. to 7—he studied.

The summer after freshman year, he and a friend earned more than \$3000 each selling woolen goods on commission. His impressive performance earned him a chance the following summer to become sales manager for seven Western states.

There was no salary, but his percentage of his crew's sales that year came to nearly \$5000.

After two years, he transferred to the University of Utah, where he met Alice Sheets, the beautiful daughter of a leading Salt Lake City attorney who was also a Mormon bishop. Spotting her at the student center, Bill decided instantly that someday he would marry her. He shouldered aside a small army of suitors and was engaged to her by the time he graduated in 1926. "Allie" graduated a year later, at 19, with high honors.

With a friend's financial help Bill bought the A&W root-beer franchise for Washington, D.C. Needing a location, he rented half a bake shop in the middle of the city, put up a partition and opened for business the day that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic—May 20, 1927. A few weeks later, he returned to Utah to marry Allie, who immediately became treasurer of the Washington enterprise. "We worked all the time," she recalls. "We'd open at 9 a.m. and usually fall into bed, exhausted, at one or two the next morning."

**From Cold to Hot.** When autumn air grew crisp, root-beer sales fell off. Bill decided to sell such hot snacks as chili, tamales and barbecued-beef sandwiches. He spent one entire night removing the big, revolving, orange A&W barrel, installing stoves and counter stools, and painting the door with the legend "Hot Shoppe." Allie says, laughing, "That was typical of Bill. He wasn't willing to

waste a day of doing business." With recipes delightfully furnished by the Mexican embassy, Allie became cook and Bill waiter.

Throughout the Depression 1930s, while luxury restaurants failed everywhere, profits mounted in the bright, clean atmosphere of the Hot Shoppe, where emphasis remained on inexpensive, high-quality food and good service. The Marriotts expanded operations and menus, and also brought the drive-in concept to the East. By 1932, there were seven Hot Shoppes in the capital. After World War II, when the country took to the highways as never before, Marriott restaurants began dotting turnpikes from New York to Florida and points west.

As they built their work force (now more than 27,000 people), the Marriotts sought not necessarily experience, but enthusiasm—cheerful people who were interested and *cared* about the service they were providing, and thought nothing of working seven 12-hour days a week. Almost immediately, Bill began dreaming up ways to cut his employees in on the profits. It was in the best Mormon tradition, for it inspired initiative, industry and *esprit*. It was also just plain good business.

**Opportunities Unlimited.** So far, Marriott's share-the-wealth approach to employee relations has produced a long list of wealthy people and seems certain to produce a number of millionaires. Like the just retired—at age 50!—regional manager of Hot Shoppes resta-

rants who started 34 years ago as a curb-service waiter.

Not all waiters, cooks and bookkeepers, of course, are equipped to become managers and future millionaires. But those who invest regularly in Marriott's hugely successful profit-sharing plan (employees may contribute between five and ten percent of salary, while the company kicks in eight percent of its pre-tax profits) scarcely need worry about their old age. In one airport kitchen, for example, a food handler can retire at 55 with a \$500,000 nest egg.

There is also a can't-lose stock-purchase plan. Any full-time employee may elect to have five to ten percent of his take-home pay set aside for a year-end purchase of Marriott stock, at a price fixed the preceding January. If the price is \$30 in January, for instance, and rises to \$40 during the year, the employee can buy at the lower rate. If the stock price declines, the employee may withdraw his money at any time. All he risks is the interest he might have earned in a savings account.

The risk isn't much when stacked against the overall performance of Marriott stock, as a fountain girl in one Hot Shoppe happily attests. After several long rises, three 2-for-1 stock splits and yearly stock dividends of from one to four percent, this woman's \$1000 investment, made in 1953, is now worth approximately \$60,000.

The Marriott company spends about a million dollars a year on its



training programs, and an employee is almost besieged with opportunities to make the most of himself. The company pays part of the tuition of employees who want to complete high-school diploma requirements or take job-related college or business-school courses. Two years ago, it launched a "career progression" program. After three months, any new employee whose supervisor feels that he has earned the chance may try out in any of a number of other jobs, working at the experimental job for an hour or two each day.

Nearly 750 employees—some 90 percent of them black or of Spanish extraction—already have availed themselves of the program; many who never thought it could happen are moving into more responsible jobs. If an employee shows special aptitudes, he is enrolled in the Marriott

Learning Center, a sort of management-development university of the hotel and restaurant industry, at the company's Washington headquarters, for "total immersion training."

Almost incidentally, Marriott's other fringe benefits and pay scales match or exceed those of the rest of the industry. In short, Bill Marriott has fashioned a work force which for more than 40 years has been characterized by an almost fierce company loyalty.

Sums up one Marriott employee: "If all companies treated their people the way this one does, there would be no employee-relations problems—no need for Social Security, Medicare or anything like that." Indeed, should Bill Marriott's brand of enlightened capitalism ever become widely adopted, there is no telling what altitudes the American economy might reach.



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Now – The Workingman's Diet . . . . . page 29

The Secret of a Stronger Heart . . . . . page 65

Striding: The Most Natural Exercise of All . . . . . page 108

You Can Stop Being a Procrastinator . . . . . page 117

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It's the best tonic  
in the world, says this  
beloved comedian, who  
has spent most of  
his life joyously  
spreading the word

BY BOB HOPE

## The Importance of Having Fun



CONDITIONS are much better on our college campuses today. The kids are even giving back some of the deans they captured last year. As for me, I've been pretty lucky with colleges—for a sandbox dropout. I've picked up 19 honorary degrees, even though every time they put Doctor in front of my name I can hear Crosby in the background saying "quack."

The most recent degree I've received came from California's Santa Clara University, last June. "This is my best moment in education since my grade school in Cleveland burned down, and my alibi stood up," I told the 6000 commencement guests. Then I had some serious words for the graduating seniors: "If there ever was a time when America needs people with courage,

patience, tolerance and, above all, a *sense of humor*, it is now."

Dwight D. Eisenhower, for one, knew what many of us fail to recognize: that taking time out for fun and relaxation is a necessity. When he became president of Columbia University in 1948, he had a get-together with the undergraduates. They doubtless expected a stiff admonition to study hard. Instead, the former General surprised them with a broad smile and the advice to "have fun." "I mean it," he told the students. "The day that goes by without your having had some fun—the day you don't enjoy life—is not only unnecessary but unchristian!"

Each of our recent Presidents has had a good sense of humor, and has found that an interlude of jokes and relaxation is a necessary respite from the heavy burden of office. Moreover, none has seemed to mind the kidding I've aimed at him. "Harry Truman runs the country with an iron hand," I said in entertaining him once, "and he plays the piano the same way." When I performed for Eisenhower, I poked fun at his frequent travels. "It's a good thing we're paying him a salary," I said. "Think where we'd be if we paid him by the mile."

I also got some laughs about playing golf with him. "The General plays like a real military man," I said. "He strokes the ball toward the hole and yells, 'Fall in!'"

**Gifts of Laughter.** Having entertained wounded GIs in three wars, I have seen the healing power of

laughter. Now science has confirmed that having fun—just feeling happy or joyous—has a measurable effect on our health and well-being. It is a great relaxer: a simple ping-pong match even relaxed tensions between the United States and mainland China. Increasingly, fun, pleasure and games are being used in ingenious ways for everything from teaching children (television's "Sesame Street") to helping hospital patients get well more quickly.

When I went to school, learning was a serious matter. The questions were hard, but fortunately praying was still legal. All that is changing, as teachers confirm that making learning fun can increase a child's capacity to absorb knowledge.

Having fun does not have to be taught; it comes naturally to children. Yet we can help them to have more fun, and develop faster, by freeing them from too much organized activity. "As often as possible, we need to free children from school, from home, from parents giving orders," says Edward Zigler, director of the U.S. Office of Child Development. "We need to let them play, discover, take risks, make things—and formulate their own decisions. We need to let them enjoy childhood." I agree. That's the way it was when I was a kid. We didn't go to school. They came and got us.

**"Look at Our Smile."** Hospitals now are finding that happier patients can be cured more quickly and effectively. The prescription is fun and cheerful surroundings. I first

learned of laughter's benefits when I began visiting hospitals in World War II, and I'm still seeing it in Vietnam. I don't do much: just a hello, a handshake and a quip or two for each patient, but it always seems to give them a little lift. Seeing the terrible suffering of our wounded servicemen has given me a deep hatred of war but an abiding respect and admiration for the men who do the fighting.

I remember entertaining at a mental hospital here in the States. "I'd like to sing a little song for you," I said. "But I need music. Is there anyone here who can play 'Buttons and Bows'?"

"Yes," the patients chorused. "Charlie can."

Charlie came shyly to the piano and played with one finger while I sang. A month later, I got a letter from a doctor at the hospital, saying: "I thought you'd like to know that Charlie was one of the most depressed cases we've ever had. But from the day you brought him up on the stage and made him smile, he has improved. We think now that he'll eventually lead a normal life."

I have since visited so many hospitals that I feel like Marcus Welby, M.D., and I've learned quite a bit about what is being done today to make them more pleasant. More and more hospitals are relaxing regulations so that ambulatory patients can have more diversions. In Biloxi, Miss., for instance, a ward in the veterans hospital has been turned over to 60 Vietnam casualties, who

have painted it in wild, bright colors and put up psychedelic posters. Patients who want a midnight snack are allowed to raid the refrigerator. "We find the patients' recovery is quicker with the new approach," hospital director W. B. Sheppard says.

Nowhere is cheer created in a hospital more handsomely than at the Cardinal Glennon Memorial Hospital for Children in St. Louis. When an apprehensive child goes in for an X ray, he finds himself in a wonderland of familiar cartoon figures. The colorful murals are the idea of Dr. Armand Brodeur, a playful radiologist who also uses magic tricks to amuse his young patients.

"It seemed silly that a hospital had to *look* like a hospital," Dr. Brodeur says. "We're trying to say, 'Look at our smile. We're like that inside, too.'"

**A Time to Dance.** Yet many people still regard having fun for fun's sake as frivolous, or wrong. I'd like to remind them of one of President Kennedy's favorite quotes from the Bible—the verse from Ecclesiastes that says there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance." And, lately, religious expression has indeed become more joyous. Catholics now celebrate folk masses. In some of the great cathedrals of the world, Duke Ellington has performed his liturgical jazz, with a tap-dancer dancing before the altar.

A good hobby is one of the greatest ways of having fun, particularly

if it involves keeping fit, too. I may never beat Lee Trevino or Jack Nicklaus at golf, but I have a great time exercising in the fresh air and sun—unless I'm playing with Spiro Agnew, who beated golfer Doug Sanders during my tournament at Palm Springs. Actually, I shouldn't kid about the Vice President's penchant for hitting bystanders—I've skulled a few myself. But there's nothing like it when you play a good round. The time I made a hole in one was worth all those years of digging myself out of sand traps.

If your hobby carries with the fun the added satisfaction of doing good, all the better. Give a little bit of yourself, I've found, and it will come back in carloads. Some men become amateur clowns in their spare time to combine a hobby with doing good. Arthur Tessier, a Massachusetts truck driver, is one such amateur clown. "There's no money in the world," he says, "that can buy a smile on a child's face." Another amateur clown summed up the fun of being an entertainer in these words: "It's the only job in the world where you can come home at night, kick off your shoes and say, 'Well, that was a hard day's fun.'"

**Magic Moments.** Imagination can be an unending source of fun. There is a little of the Walter Mitty day-

dreamer in each of us, but few people have been able to put their daydreams to such wonderful effect as did my former neighbor, Walt Disney. Walt worked almost obsessively to create his cartoons, movies and Disneyland, which have brought joy and delight to millions. Yet despite the hard work and the talent of Walt and his colleagues, when he was asked to sum up the secret of his success, he replied: "Fun."

Memory can also be a source of pleasure for anyone. My theme song is "Thanks for the Memories," and I've got some great ones, believe me. Memories are the frosting on the cake of experience. Moments that have brought us joy or excitement through the years can be summoned up through the magic of memory and savored a thousand times over.

When we do recall the past, we usually find that it is the simple things—not the great occasions—that in retrospect give off the greatest glow of happiness. The moments that I remember most vividly are not those of rubbing elbows with the great, or the awards I've received, much as I enjoy all that. What I remember best are quiet moments with my family, unwinding on the golf course, convivial times with old friends.

In short, having fun.



**Mail Call.** The postal increases prove the postman wrings more than twice (Raymond J. Cvikota in *Chicago Tribune*) . . . One woman thinks the reason mail delivery is so slow is that the Russians have broken the Zip Code (Arlene Quant, quoted by Alex Thien in *Milwaukee Sentinel*)



## What's she smiling about !

Ever see the rain in Singapore? It's like an endless sheet of water, but even then Lin Shu-hua smiles. Not that she loves all that rain. But she knows she can get where she's going safely. Anywhere. Anytime. She's a DATSUN driver. And she knows Nissan has given DATSUN great traction, secure road holding, special wipers, and damp-free interiors with

ingenious ventilation. So Lin Shu-hua smiles. As far as she's concerned, Nissan made DATSUN specially for her. That may not be quite true. But we at Nissan are gratified Lin Shu-hua thinks so. In fact, we'd like all DATSUN drivers in 120 different nations to imagine Nissan created their car especially for them.

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# DATSUN

# The Other Face of Winter

*Consider the marvelous ways of these wild things, which help them flourish through winter's bitter blasts*

Condensed from VERMONT LIFE  
RONALD ROOD



A FRIEND from Florida raved so much about an apple orchard near our Vermont home that I sent him a couple of little McIntosh trees the following spring. That was 13 years ago. Last summer, I asked how they were doing.

"Oh, fine," he told me. "They're 20 feet tall. But when do I get any apples?"

I hated to tell him, but those trees probably will never bear fruit. What they've needed is what our Vermont trees get every year: a good cold sleep. In the exuberant Florida climate his trees have been growing themselves to death.

My friend's experience isn't sur-

prising, for in spite of opinion to the contrary there *is* something good about winter. The lives of many plants and animals depend upon the freezing cold as much as upon warmth.

Vermont's celebrated sugar maple, for example, will grow (if you fuss with it) as far south as the Carolinas. But it produces very little sap, since the wild leaps in temperature—from near zero to 40 degrees in a few hours—are missing. Lacking such fluctuations in temperature, it often doesn't even color its leaves in the fall and drops them still green.

Many pieces in the patchwork of a northern landscape wouldn't be there at all if it weren't for winter. A number of seeds, such as white birch, ash, sumac, wild plum and black oak, won't germinate until they've had a cold period—a kind of ripening process. Try planting almost any of these seeds after they've been kept a few months without benefit of the wild winter days and they'll sprout indifferently, if at all.

Evergreen cones open and contract slightly with changes in temperature and moisture—this action releasing their seeds. Hard nuts like the hickory and butternut lie on frozen ground absorbing icy water with every thaw. They swell and split as the frost works at their seams and ridges with pressures up to seven tons to the square inch. With the coming of spring, the flinty shells are weakened so that they can release the tender plants. Witch-hazel





## To All Photo Fans!

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- A. TV B. Radio C. Newspaper  
D. Magazine E. Cinema F. Poster  
G. Recommendation of shop staff  
H. Other person

2. Have you used any of the following color-film brands until now? If so, please circle whichever of them you may have used. Even though you may not have used color film until now, if you are thinking of using it, please underline the following brand(s), as applicable.

- A. Kodak B. Fuji C. Agfa D. Others  
(If you have not used color film until now, please omit questions No. 3 through No. 5.)

3. What brand of color film is presently your favorite? Please circle only one of the following brands.

- A. Kodak B. Fuji C. Agfa D. Others



4. What brand of color film have you bought since November of last year? Please circle all the brands you bought.

- A. Kodak B. Fuji C. Agfa D. Others  
E. No purchase

5. (Only for purchasers of Fujicolor film)

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B. For free offer  
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E. Recommended by shop staff  
F. For quality processing and printing  
G. Others

6. Sex: (Male; Female) Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

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Tokyo, Japan

pods, triggered by the first hard freeze, spring open with a sharp snap and propel their hard little seeds as far as 30 feet. Without the icy crystals to split their seams, the capsules would stay shut.

Winter's time clock controls buds, too, such as the service berry or shadbush. If you pick winter shad branches in the hope of forcing them to early bloom indoors, you'll seldom get more than a few leaves. But if you wait until late March or April, when their winter sleep is nearly done, they'll blossom beautifully.

Many maples, cherries and viburnums also behave this way. Willows, poplars and hazel are less fussy. Elms and alder are in between. Apparently each species has an inborn cold requirement: Edwin Way Teale,

in *Wandering Through Winter*, points out that apple trees cannot produce fruit unless they have between 900 and 1000 hours of cold below 45 degrees.

Plants, rooted to the spot, have incorporated winter into their lives as they find it. Animals and birds, being mobile, can adjust more widely. Some, of course, go south and escape it all. Yet thousands of northern birds, fish, mammals, insects and worms stay and live with winter—and find it more friend than enemy.

In the marshes and creeks and along the pond edges, geese and ducks have little trouble with winter's cold. The key is the double suit of garments they wear. As on other winter birds, their smooth outer feathers overlap like shingles on a



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roof—to cut wind and moisture. A downy inner suit of underwear—so dense that it is almost impossible to part it—serves as snug insulation. The ruffed grouse develops special winter feathers, with a second downy offshoot at the base of the main body feather. Hence the bird actually would be at a disadvantage without a cold season to fit it.

Snow is a big help, too. The temperature of snow a foot below the surface of a drift is higher than the air temperature on a cold day. Deer and moose often bed down in the snow in a sheltered spot and emerge none the worse for it, if they have sufficient food nearby. The grouse sometimes dives into a snow drift, there to remain while the storm rages above.

Field mice burrow through this world of perpetual calm, hidden by the warming coverlet, safe from a host of enemies. The same snow covers the low-growing berries and greenery, keeping them firm and edible until released by a late-winter thaw. It's almost as though the snow had purposely set a table for the awakening hibernators.

Insects and spiders in the soil lie in the cold as stiff as plastic toys, safe until spring. Pry a spider from beneath a slab of bark and it appears dead, but warm it in your hands for a moment and it springs to life. Split a rotten log and hundreds of carpenter ants tumble out like black seeds. Pull apart an old bird's nest and you'll discover a tiny, slumbering zoo.

How can these diminutive creatures lie in the sub-zero chill without freezing solid? They weatherproof themselves. By producing glycerol until it accounts for up to ten percent of their body weight, carpenter ants are protected against the cold like an automobile radiator. (Glycerol is a close relative of ethylene glycol, the common auto anti-freeze.) The ant's production of glycerol is triggered by cold; it stops in the summer. Other insects also alter their body fluids to meet winter's challenge.

Able to bank their tiny fires for the winter, many creatures slip into oblivion at the drop of a temperature. But not all animals that hibernate sleep with equal soundness. A woodchuck in true hibernation can be dug out of his den and rolled across the floor without awakening. But don't tamper with a sleepy black bear!

In cold storage for half the year, many creatures seem to stretch their lives in proportion. Indeed, some biologists are convinced, although experimental proof is lacking, that animals which hibernate will live longer than others of the same species which do not.

Humans may go south if they want to. But remember that for many denizens of our northern areas the wintry blasts really are friendly zephyrs. For, as with all living beings—even ourselves—these wild things are often brought to their best through struggle and adversity.

## Toward More Picturesque Speech

### Imagine It!

A day of blustery winds and winter-mittened sleet

(Edythe L. Soper)

A caterpillar wrinkling on his way

(Robert E. Beard in *New York Times*)

Hail starting a tap dance on the roof

(Gerald Kean in *Ladies' Home Journal*)

Headlights shoveling aside the darkness

(Fletcher Knebel)

### All in the Family

Boy to mother: "You never mention the dirt I track out"

(*Minneapolis Tribune*)

Father working over budget: "If they take any more money out of my take-home pay, I won't have a home to take it to"

(Al Bernstein, quoted in "Kup's Column," *Chicago Sun-Times*)

Husband to wife, after paying off mortgage: "Well, dear, we've survived the lien years!"

(Alan Wood)

### Wall Scrawl

Eric the Red was a Norse of a different color

("Graffiti")

Beethoven made overtures

(Roy Doty)

Isaac Newton had pull

(Kathy Purbay and Cindy Bell)

Michelangelo lay down on the job

(*Laugh-In Magazine*)

Save your Dixie Cups. The South will rise again!

(Norton Mockridge)

### Overheard

As I understand it, the city's going to deal with pollution as soon as it can see its way clear

(Robert Orben)

He married her for her looks—but not the kind he's getting now

(Bob Goddard in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*)

### Get the Message?

In Chinese restaurant: "Oriental cooking just like Mother used to send out for"

(Robert Sylvester)

Ad for Palm Springs golf vacation: "If you've got the blues, try our greens"

In front of dog hospital: "Mutternity Ward"

(D. Deutsch)

Contractor's ad: "Build now—save up to 50 percent of 1980 prices"

### Terse Verse

#### SKIERS' BOAST:

*I can do a dandy slalom*

*Mainly on my spinal column*

(Eitel Jacobson in *The Wall Street Journal*)

#### HIGH SPIRITS:

*One for the road, I have always felt,  
Isn't exactly a safety belt*

(*Home Journal*)

#### TEEN-AGER'S ROOM:

*Where clothing's deposited  
But seldom is closeted*

(Betty Ister in *Good Housekeeping*)

#### DIETRICH:

*If celery tasted like chocolate mousse  
'T would be much easier to reduce*

(W. J. Cronenberg in *The Wall Street Journal*)

### Patter

Would it be asking too much to have a movie that could be labeled "E" for entertaining?

(Harold Coffin)

Gossip is letting the cat out of the bag a claw at a time

(Mrs. E. D. Plessinger)

Cities have grown so fast their outskirts no longer cover their extremities

(Frank Rathbun)

*Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 22*

# Just Call Me Cupid

Roses are red. Violets are blue.  
This little tale is all too true

BY WILL STANTON

IT BURNS me up the way they've commercialized Valentine's Day. As I told Maggie, my wife, we've lost the spirit of it. "Originally a valentine was something personal, from the heart. A fellow would write some verses to his girl, something like that."

"It's certainly *cheaper* that way," she said.

"That has nothing to do with it," I said. "But a valentine should have a person's individual stamp. Nobody cares about the personal touch anymore. Take our boys—"

The boys had been after us to buy valentines to give their classmates. Sammy is in first grade and Roy's in third. "Wouldn't it be more fun to make your own?" I asked them. They said no. Maggie said that made three of them.

I was getting annoyed.

"Don't you want your children to learn to do things for themselves," I asked her, "instead of buying everything like a couple of robots?"

"Robots don't buy things," Roy



said. "They make what they want."

Next day I decided to give the boys one more chance. I bought them a valentine kit big enough to make 65 valentines. After supper we spread it out on the dining-room table. I showed them how to punch out the parts and paste on the hearts and the lace. They got paste all over the table and started fighting over the scissors. I told them to cut it out. "You two are going to learn the joy of making something with your own hands," I told them, "if I have to rap your heads together." I went out to fix myself a drink.

When I got back the boys were gone. Maggie looked in to ask how it was going. I picked up a valentine to show her and the lace fell off. Cheap paste. It wouldn't stick to the paper. It stuck to everything else okay. My glass. My cigar.

The boys still weren't back. I mixed another drink. The first one had got spilled. About 11 Maggie came in. She took a sip of my drink and picked up a valentine. "Interesting," she said. "The drink tastes like paste and the valentine smells like bourbon." I said I'd noticed. "You've done eight," she said. "Only fifty-seven to go."

I gave in and bought a couple of boxes of ready-made ones. They were pretty sleazy and, after the boys had put the names on, I slipped a chocolate heart in each envelope for a surprise. When I got home the next day, the boys wouldn't speak to me. It seems every kid in

class had got a candy heart except Roy and Sammy. I hadn't thought of that.

"Okay," I told Maggie, "I'll go back and get them some."

Sammy wanted to go along to leave a valentine at a girl's house. When we finally located it, he wouldn't go up to the door—he said he couldn't reach the mailbox. So I delivered it. A couple of blocks later he said, "There it is. *That's* Sharon's house." We'd left the valentine at the wrong place.

We went back and I got the valentine out of the mailbox. As I started down the porch steps I met a man coming up. "You looking for me?" he said. I said no. He came up another step. "What do you want?" I said I wanted to deliver a valentine to a girl named Sharon.

"She doesn't live here," he said. I said I knew but I'd left the valentine by mistake and had to come back to get it. I showed it to him. The man sniffed. "You been drinking?" I said no, it was the valentine. I went down the steps. He followed me. "We've been bothered by prowlers here lately," he said, grabbing me by the sleeve. I pointed to my car: "If I was going prowling would I take a six-year-old boy along?"

"I never met a prowler before," he said. "How the hell do I know how your mind works?"

A woman called out from the house and wanted to know what was the matter. The man called back, "Fellow here says he's got a

valentine for somebody named Karen." Sharon, I said. "Sharon," the man said. The woman said nobody named Sharon lived there. "Oh, for cripe's sake," the man said, "don't you suppose I know that?" They were still arguing as I went back to the car.

Sammy said, "You sure took a long time."

"If you don't like the way I deliver your valentines," I said, "you can do it yourself."

When we got back from the candy store, Maggie said the boys had been invited to spend the night with their friend Buster. So I drove them over. I said they might as well give the rest of the chocolate hearts to Buster's mother—a little valentine present. Back home, I got the box with Maggie's present off the rear seat and took it in.

She acted surprised. "A valentine?" She opened the box and looked in. "Mm—chocolates." I said what did she mean, chocolates? She held out the box.

"The boys were supposed to give those to Buster's mother," I said. "My God, they must have given her your present. They were both on the back seat."

She said, "Maybe they didn't give her anything."

"Yes, they did," I said. "She came to the door and said thanks for the valentine. I told her to en-

joy it and think of me. I thought it was the candy."

Maggie looked at me. "It wasn't candy?"

"No," I said, "it was a nightgown with hearts on it. A peek-a-boo nightgown." Maggie started to laugh.

"Damn it all," I said. "I was only trying to do something nice—and where did it get me?"

Maggie put her hands over her face and shook her head. She seemed to be crying. I patted her on the shoulder. "I'm sorry," I said. "I wanted to give you a nice surprise."

"You did," I said. She wiped her eyes. "Just the thought—" and she started to laugh again.

"I realized that trying to be original was only a way of showing off," I said. "So this year I was going to buy you a valentine just like other husbands. I wanted something sentimental and romantic..."

"Come here." She held out her arms. I went over to her. "Do I have to wear a fancy nightie to be sentimental and romantic?"

"Not for me," I said.

After a minute she said, "This is the nicest Valentine's Day I can remember." It was beginning to look better to me, too. The phone rang.

"Probably Buster's mother," Maggie said. I said probably. It kept on ringing. "It could be Buster's father," she said. Could be, I said.

"Let it ring," Maggie said.



A HARD job is one which leaves a fellow as tired before the weekend as after.

—H. F. Henrichs in *Sunshine Magazine*

A drama of life  
and death on the  
African plain

## NIGHT OF THE HYENA

Condensed from INTERNATIONAL WILDLIFE  
FRANKLIN RUSSELL

THE OLD hyena lay smothered in mud, motionless except for one brown eye watching vultures falling from the evening sky. Around her stretched the grasslands of East Africa, region of lion, leopard, elephant and antelope. The sun dropped into a red haze, and five angular acacia trees were silhouetted on a stage now set for a night of hunting.

The hyena stood, and shook off showers of mud. Her flat sides,

FRANKLIN RUSSELL is a New Zealand-born writer who specializes in presenting natural history through fictional dramas based on personal observation and research. His books include *Watchers at the Pond*, *The Secret Islands* and *Searchers at the Gulf*.



spotted with dull brown blotches, were scarred by bites, lion claws, the horns of desperate victims. Her ears were ripped and torn, and her right eye stared sightlessly into space, a scarred white disc canted upward. Her top lip was split so that her teeth showed in a perpetual snarl. She limped from old injuries, and her head was still ringing from the kick of a zebra two days before. Ten years is a long life on the plains for



a hunting animal, and the weight of this age pressed down on her.

She could last days without food, but now, with two hungry cubs in a den more than 40 miles away, she was anxious to replenish her supplies of milk. Because the autumn rains were late, the antelope and zebra had moved south in search of grass, and she could not hunt near her den.

Her clumsy-looking body, powerful in the legs, and her untidy, hang-dog appearance did not mark her as the great hunter she was. As purple night stole into the vast grasslands, she gave a whooping cry, soft but penetrating. Low whoops answered her from all sides. Dark shapes loomed up out of a nearby dry creek bed, melding into the tribe of more than a dozen hyenas which the old female dominated. Powerful males, younger females, youngsters, all submitted to her.

She had become dominant not only because she was big and powerful—all female hyenas are bigger than any male—but because she had special skill in darting under snapping teeth, and her terrible bites at tender zebra underparts often killed, even though her 150 pounds were dwarfed by the 600 pounds of her victim. The other hyenas did not yet suspect that she found each night's attack a little harder than the last. She was stumbling, even falling, in high-speed chases—chases that demanded the strength and heedlessness of youth.

Now she headed down a path

flanking the dry creek bed, the others loping behind her in a loose, straggling line. A leopard's guttural cry and the staccato bark of a baboon did not turn a single head. The moon rose and shone silver light in the female's good eye. She began running, perhaps on impulse, perhaps as her acute ears picked out one tiny sound. Stiffness dropped from her limbs. Racing blood surged new confidence into her.

The pounding feet of zebras sounded ahead. They cantered easily at 15 miles an hour, each stallion behind his family of mares. The hyenas, running at an effortless 30 miles an hour, overtook them. The stallions turned at bay, with ears back, teeth bared, whirling, lunging, kicking, biting. Two hundred hoofs hammered the grass as the mares herded behind them. The night exploded with sound: gasping, braying zebras, the hoots and howls of excited hyenas. A young male hyena was kicked, his body catapulting vertically, his moans dying away as the others charged on.

Then the old female hyena's determination weakened. She failed to make her lethal thrust, and suddenly, gasping, she turned away. Her retreat blunted the enthusiasm of the others. Limping hyenas came out of the smoky-white dust and collapsed, panting. Soon the only sound in the night air was their heavy breathing.

In the long experience of the female hyena, even in the best of times, only one such hunt in three

succeeded; when drought or disease stalked the grasslands, a dozen hunts might bring no food. Once, she would have been first away in the next chase. But tonight impatient youngsters drifted off while she lay exhausted. A silent hour passed. Then a distant cry, pounding hoofbeats, a howl told her that the youngsters had cut a wildebeest out of its herd and had it on the run.

At full speed, the old female joined the chase. When the moon slid behind a cloud, experience cautioned her to slow down. No animal could safely run at top speed over earth littered with termite mounds and pitted with the holes of bat-eared foxes, jackals, honey badgers, hyenas, warthogs. One misstep into a mongoose hole could snap a hyena leg. Thus, she was trailing behind when the wildebeest, with hyenas on either side, dashed into a streamside thicket and, with a last desperate effort, plunged into the dark water.

Hyenas poured into the water after him. The old female hung back, remembering crocodiles. But the sounds of eating and squabbling became irresistible. She was poised to jump when a great splash sent all the hyenas churning for safety. Crocodile. For a second, the wildebeest's head reared up. Then, with a powerful swirl, it disappeared underwater.

Indecisive, and ever more ravenous, the old female slumped down. Midnight came and went. She slept—as always, so lightly that by day the sound of a vulture dropping

from the sky to feed a half-mile away could waken her. During her own cub life she had starved for days while her mother hunted. Her brother and sister had been dug out and eaten by a hungry male hyena; she herself had dug deeper down and so escaped.

Now she was aroused by a lion's heavy footsteps. Fully alert, she stood up, tail bushed and curved over her back. Old memories made her tremble. Lions had once killed a big eland almost on top of her cub-filled den, and taken five leisurely days to eat it. She had been forced to circle the bloated group, listening to her cubs crying supreme hunger until one by one their voices went silent. Lions enraged her, terrified her. Yet she often followed them and waited for 50 or 60 hours if necessary—for scraps from their kills. Her powerful jaws could crunch bones that the lions could not eat; her strong stomach juices could dissolve hide and skull, intestine and hoof, that are unattractive to other hunting animals.

The steadily plodding footsteps told her of a solitary lion. If he made a kill, he would be vulnerable. She moved toward the sound. This was no time for patience, for only two hours remained before daylight. Her udder was slack of milk. The cubs had been two days without food already.

For an hour she followed, crossing shrunk streams, passing the stark moon shadows of candelabrum trees, moving silently through thornbush

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thickets. Hyenas appeared at her side, sniffed her, and disappeared. Distant whooping told of a chase, but she would not be diverted.

Then the footsteps stopped. She stopped, too, ears upthrust, tail trembling. A zebra's whistling alarm call brought a response of galloping feet. A brief silence. Another alarm call. Furious galloping, a violent crash, then high-pitched screams.

This was her signal to race forward. The screaming stopped. The lion's teeth now clasped the zebra's nose, and the big animal was suffocating. More hyenas appeared out of the gloom. Silently, they encircled the lion and his kill.

The female's impatience grew quickly. Fur bristling, tail curved tensely, she began a slow, half-side-ways advance on the lion, whooping and uttering tense, low snarls. The lion ignored her. She bared her teeth, scarcely six feet from the big cat. He brought up a menacing rumble from deep in his throat; she was too close. He got up. Instantly, the female darted forward, gripped a piece of zebra meat and ripped it free. The lion's great flat paw came whacking down—but she had wheeled away.

Her success brought the other

hyenas closer. The chorus of their cries became deafening. When the lion rushed at her, a dozen hyenas grabbed mouthfuls of meat. The lion whirled to drive them off, but the female bit his leg to the bone. He roared, and caught one of the hyenas a glancing blow that bared white ribs. He charged back to the carcass, now covered with giggling, whooping hyenas, whose cries seemed to have a scornful ring.

Swiping only empty air for all his efforts, the lion was bitten again and again, and his hind legs streamed blood. All at once, with 20 hyenas facing him, he fled. Fifteen minutes later, the zebra was devoured, the grass licked clean.

Shortly after dawn touched the eastern sky coral pink and the harsh cries of bustards rasped in the still air, the female hyena was back in her mud pool, too bloated with meat to travel. She would digest her meal, make the milk, and then begin the long run home.

Her solitary brown eye watched the sun leap into the golden sky, saw vultures making giddy climbs in the still clearness of morning. Then her eye closed. The perils of the night dissolved into sleep, and in her dreams she became young.



### Body Blows

A UNITED Auto Workers member with a scientific bent figured out that professional football players hit each other at a speed of 15 miles per hour and come away relatively undamaged. But, said the UAW man, research shows that when a 1971 auto hits a barrier at 15 miles per hour the damage averages \$1113.89.

—Labor Beacon

# FIVE YEARS TO FREEDOM



Condensed from the book by

**MAJ. JAMES N. ROWE**  
U.S. ARMY

Green Beret officer James "Nick" Rowe was captured by the Vietcong in a fire fight in South Vietnam in 1963. During 62 months of imprisonment he suffered from dysentery, beriberi and starvation; from excruciating physical tortures and mental pressure cruelly designed to extinguish his hope and break his spirit; and, perhaps most of all, from the agonizing fear that his own country had abandoned its POWs and South Vietnam. Rowe's is the only comprehensive account to date of life in Vietcong prisoner-of-war camps. More than that, it is the tragic but triumphant story of how one man endured a lonely, uneven struggle against a totalitarian system—and prevailed.

## FIVE YEARS TO FREEDOM

by **MAJ. JAMES N. ROWE**  
U.S. ARMY

**T**HE STOCKY Vietcong soldier shoved me violently forward. My arms were tied at the wrists and elbows, and this prevented me from balancing as I slipped and struggled in the muddy rice paddy. Another VC prodded me with his bayonet. "*Mau di!*" he commanded—move fast!

I stumbled into one of the deep irrigation trenches that bordered the paddy. Underwater, panic seized me as I kicked, trying to get to air. But the sides of the ditch were slick and offered no foothold. Then I felt something solid and pushed myself

upward, breaking the surface and taking a deep breath before going under again. I heard a harsh chuckle from one of the VC as the water closed over me.

A hand grasped the cloth binding my elbows and raised me. I managed to roll onto dry land. Then I was pulled to my feet and once more pushed along the path atop the canal bank where a short time ago we had been shooting at one another.

I was exhausted, but through the whirling haze in front of my eyes, I saw crumpled bodies strewn across the mud. Many of the bodies were stripped, but on a few were the cam-

ouflage uniforms worn by the South Vietnamese Special Forces. Each had a gaping hole in the head, the face unrecognizable after the explosive exit of the bullet. The VC were taking no wounded Vietnamese prisoners.

This was Vietnam in October 1963—before the arrival of United States jets, artillery support and combat units. I was an adviser, and now, on patrol deep in Vietcong territory with three companies of South Vietnamese, a fire fight had broken out and I had been captured.

I heard a commotion behind me, and Dan Pitzer, a medic, came shuffling past, two VC trotting behind him. "I'm sorry, Nick," he said as he passed. A third American had also accompanied the patrol, Capt. Humbert "Rocky" Versace, an intelligence adviser. He had been hit in

the knee, and I had just put a compress on the wound when the VC took me. I prayed that they hadn't killed him.

At a shouted command, my guards halted. I stood with my head hanging, trying to get my breath, dimly seeing a pair of sandaled feet in front of me. "*My khong?*" came a rasping voice—Is it an American? "*Da Phai!*" snapped a guard, and a fist came straight at me. My head snapped back; pain shot across my face, then blackness.

I came to, lying on my side with a guard kicking me in the back. I could feel the wetness of blood on my face, and I couldn't breathe through my nose. Yanked to my feet, I was led down the canal and put in a long, narrow boat. Shortly, the boat pulled away, and I passed out.

I awoke blindfolded with one of





MAJOR ROWE's book is based on a diary which he kept throughout his captivity. In general, the Vietcong unwittingly supplied him with the necessary pen and paper, for they were constantly urging him to "write your thoughts." At other times, Rowe fashioned a pen from a bamboo reed and literally wrote his notes in his own blood.

Because the VC themselves encouraged Rowe to record the "lessons" he was learning, his writing activities were not considered to be suspicious. Nonetheless, the Major carefully concealed his diary each day and composed it in a personal code, assigning meanings to symbols, letters and numbers.

On the day that Rowe made it to freedom, the diary was with him, hidden in his rice sack. "In that last year of isolation," he recalls, "I could not have survived without the work on the diary. It saved my mind."

the guards wiping my face, using a rag dipped in canal water. He swabbed my mouth and nose almost gently, for which I was grateful. Later, I was led ashore into what was apparently a small village and, in the company of Dan Pitzer and several Vietnamese prisoners, was given some rice to eat. The blindfold had been removed.

I had no idea where we were. I recalled a chapter in our pamphlet on "Escape and Evasion" that said, "One should attempt to escape as soon after capture as possible, before the enemy can move you to a secure area." I wished that the author had included at least one paragraph on how to do it.

Night fell, and we came to a hut. To my relief we found Rocky Versace inside, lying on the floor. He was in obvious pain from his wound, but the bleeding had stopped. Most important, he was alive.

Again by water we moved on, blindfolded, accompanied now by Rocky. I lost all sense of direction.

When we finally stopped and the blindfolds were removed, I could see low, thick-leaved trees, ferns and reeds, for which a guard through knee-deep water into a grove where we came to a cage-like structure with a low thatched roof and a floor. The walls were made of poles spaced about six inches apart vertically and horizontally.

We entered, and our arms were untied. We were given sleeping mats and mosquito nets. I asked for a drink of water. In a short time, a boy brought me a cup, and I drank greedily. Too late I felt the slimy moss in my mouth. The water had been scooped up from the stagnant swamp outside our enclosure.

I was too tired to think any more about it. We climbed under the mosquito nets, and the guards departed, leaving one man outside the cage with a submachine gun.

#### A Hard Case

THE PATROL on which we were captured had been directed against

the village of Le Coeur, located in Vietcong-dominated territory some 140 miles southwest of Saigon. It was a countryside of rice paddies, banana and coconut groves, and scattered hamlets, located on the edge of the U Minh Forest. We had never ventured into this area before, and the close proximity of the legendary "Forest of Darkness," a Vietcong sanctuary, had made it a cinch for a fire fight. But instead of encountering the irregular guerrilla units we had expected, we had run into a main force battalion, and our retreat was cut off with heavy losses. As a matter of fact, Dan, Rocky and I were lucky to be alive.

The sun was above the trees the next morning when I awoke. I gingerly felt the bridge of my nose and was rewarded with a sharp pain. I had a graze wound on the thigh as well, and several small punctures in my chest and legs from mortar fragments. Dan, who had caught fragments in his shoulder, cleaned our wounds.

Rocky Versace was a more serious problem. A trimly built, 26-year-old West Point graduate, he had volunteered for a six-month extension in Vietnam after completing a year as an adviser. His outthrust jaw and penetrating eyes were indications of his personality; his steel-gray hair looked as if it belonged on someone much older.

He was in severe pain, and his knee had begun to swell. Dan loosened the compresses, which had stuck to the dried blood, giving

Rocky a little relief; but medical care was a necessity. Apparently this was not available, for we received only boiled water, some soap and a mild antiseptic. We washed the wound, and Dan re-banded it.

The guards also gave us a breakfast of rice. I wondered how long I could go without some sort of real food. I was still thinking in terms of American rations. Before I finished my meal, I experienced wrenching stomach cramps. The guard responded to my frantic gestures by pointing toward a shaky walkway that led away from the cage into the brush. I barely made it to a small platform nailed above the water between two trees. The guard stood about 15 feet away as I went through the spasms of oncoming dysentery. Soon I was spending most of my time running to the latrine.

After a couple of days, Rocky was moved out of the cage, supposedly to be taken to a hospital. Later, we were assured that his wounds were being treated. Dan and I wondered what was in store for us. Before Rocky's departure, he had talked about another American who had been captured sometime earlier and released after six months. Optimistically, we set that as the outside limit of our own detention.

On November 14, Dan and I were taken on a four-day trip to another prison camp among the mangrove swamps of the southern Camau Peninsula. The new camp was more elaborate than the temporary setup we had left. There was a log dock

over the entry canal and a series of long, narrow huts built on poles to raise them above water level.

Rocky was already there in a thatched hut next to a small kitchen and mess hall. Dan and I were put in a separate hut with barred walls and were not allowed to communicate with him. It was becoming clear that the reason for his separation was not "hospitalization," which he had never received. Rocky, who spoke fluent Vietnamese, had assailed the Vietcong movement from his first encounter with the guards, and had been marked as a "reactionary." Dan and I, who spoke little Vietnamese, were unknown quantities.

On the evening of our fourth day in the new camp, we heard excited shouts near Rocky's hut. The guards scrambled for their weapons, and then I saw them disappear into the trees, wading in mud up to their thighs, rifles held over their heads. Shouting continued as they spread into a line, sweeping through the palms and fern thickets.

A camp official appeared before our cage carrying leg irons, and we were forced into them. We asked why. Visibly incensed, the man snapped, "Versace was very bad."

With a wounded leg, surrounded by deep mud and a camp full of guards, Rocky had tried to escape. He had more guts than brains to try it at this point, and he was caught, pulling himself through the slime toward a canal. I learned later

that he was attempting to reach the canal, where he could swim and possibly make it northward to a friendly outpost. Before, the VC had assumed from Rocky's opinions that they had a hard case on their hands. Now they knew it.

### Dialogues With Plato

THE CAMP was run by a Major Hai, who wore a khaki uniform. The VC also had a political representative there, Mr. Muoi, who wore black trousers and shirt. A third man wore black trousers and a blue shirt. He was Mr. Ba, whom we called Plato because of his tendency to philosophize.

Plato spent part of each afternoon at the cage with Dan and me, gently probing our ideas about the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. He made no effort to contradict anything we said. His central theme was the generosity and leniency of the National Liberation Front toward prisoners. Then he began to push for a letter to our families stating that we were well and thanking the NLF for its lenient treatment. I refused, and eventually a compromise was worked out. We wrote to the International Red Cross, giving our names, ranks and serial numbers, and stating that we were in reasonably good health.

One day Plato brought a piece of paper to be filled out. It was titled: "Red Cross Index Data Card." Beneath this heading were: Name, Rank, Serial Number, Date of Birth



—all as prescribed by the Geneva Convention. But these questions were followed by a great many others of a military and personal nature.

"Mr. Ba," I said, "this form contains questions we cannot answer."

He looked surprised that I would refuse. "All the Front wishes to do is to notify your family that you are not killed."

"We wrote letters to the Red Cross," I reminded him. "They will notify our families that we are alive."

"No!" His answer was emphatic. "The Red Cross is a tool of the imperialist aggressors, and the Front does not recognize it. Consider your

decision carefully. I will come back."

I was still attempting to determine several things. First, what was their purpose in taking us prisoner rather than killing us? Second, what requirements would be placed upon us that we could not fulfill? Finally, to what lengths would they go to ensure fulfillment?

My dysentery, which had grown worse, was now accompanied by fever and nausea, but the probing of our thoughts went on. Ba and Muoi came in periodically, and on one visit Muoi asked, "Do you know that your President Kennedy was killed?"

I thought he was trying to shake us up. We had been told earlier that Ngo Dinh Diem had been overthrown and killed, and that the government in Saigon was toppling. The possibility that these reports might contain some truth made me wonder what was happening on the outside. I dismissed them as false—but it was my first taste of an uncertainty that would grow to monstrous proportions.

### The Proper Attitude

EARLY in 1964, Dan, Rocky and I were separated and moved to another camp, about two hours away by

boat. Plato came to visit me soon after my arrival, and pulled out the index data card again.

"You must complete the form," he said.

"What if I refuse?" I asked.

"Ah, do not fear torture," he reassured me. "We are not barbarians who rely on torture to gain information." Then he explained a theory which I was to learn well in the days to come. "If you take an individual and control his body, you do not necessarily control the man. But if you can control his mind, you control the whole. Soon," he continued, "you will attend a school which will show you the truth about Vietnam."

I asked what happened if an individual refused to cooperate. "He may rest here for a long time," Plato answered calmly. "If we are unsuccessful in our instruction the first time, we must recommence."

On February 18, a guard marched me to the school hut. The inside had been decorated with slogans, painstakingly printed in English: "Welcome the lenient policy of the Front toward POWs," "Do not die for the profit of Capitalist-Imperialist." Two khaki-uniformed Vietnamese sat behind the desk. As I slid onto a bench, one began to lecture in a precise voice. Plato translated:

"The National Liberation Front has dispatched us to present to you the just cause of the revolution, and the certainty of final victory. Your release will depend upon your good attitude and repentance of your past

misdeeds, so I encourage you to be well disposed toward this instruction." My mind was fixed on the phrase "good attitude," and I barely heard Plato begin translating the first lesson: "*Vietnam la mot*"—Vietnam is one country.

The next day it was Rocky's turn. I had learned that he was being held in both leg and arm irons, and I watched as he hobbled along to the school. From the angry expressions on his guards' faces, I could tell he was not going willingly.

His first words as he entered the school were: "I'm an officer in the United States Army. You can force me to come here, you can make me sit and listen, but I don't believe a damn word you say!"

"Rocky," I thought, "bless you. You're a hard-core s.o.b.!"

The school continued through March 24, and covered a sketchy history of the war against the French, the Geneva Accords of 1954, Ngo Dinh Diem's accession to the presidency in South Vietnam and the suffering which, they said, had occurred because of Diem and the intervention of the United States. Any facts which refuted their version of history were simply omitted.

On the evening of April 8, I heard Muoi's voice yelling in the direction of Rocky's cage. Rocky's voice was fainter, but clear, "All or just me?" They were moving Rocky out! In the commotion, I strained to see through the growing darkness, but the guards blocked my view.

The next morning, I was allowed

for the first time to walk from my cage to the kitchen to get rice. Along the way, a pile of bloody gray rags caught my eye. They were the pajamas given to Rocky, torn into shreds. I forced myself to look at Rocky's cage. Bars had been ripped from the side of the hut, and either hung crazily from the tangle of poles or were strewn in the mud. The agonizing image of what had happened fixed itself slowly in my brain. Rocky must be dead.

Plato visited my cage later in the day, his mood unusually somber. He told me it was unfortunate that the Front had been forced to take drastic action, but they had no other choice. Rocky had shouted at him and questioned his instruction; because Rocky had opposed the Front, he had paid. He said he hoped my attitude would improve.

I sat, trying to contain my boiling anger. My one thought was not to strike back until I could hurt them. It would have been useless to batter my head against a wall and only lose what slight freedom I had. My ultimate goal was clear: to gain my freedom without compromising my beliefs or harming my country.

### "I Can Kill You"

NEARLY six months had passed, and clearly our hope for an early release had been ill-founded. In fact, another year would pass in much the same way. It was a strenuous period of being moved from one camp to another, of deteriorating health and continual VC attempts to extract

military information while instilling a proper attitude—acceptance of their version of the war.

I devised a cover story which allowed me to deny knowledge of the areas my questioners were interested in. I concealed the fact that I was a graduate of West Point, and that I had trained in Artillery and the Special Forces. Instead, I became an Engineer with no knowledge of tactics. Bridges, roads, buildings I could discuss—but beyond these subjects I was useless.

I was trying to avoid any open opposition, since this would allow them to bring to bear on me whatever pressure they wished. I wasn't certain that I could hold out as Rocky had done, particularly when the pressure could be maintained for as long as they wanted.

The case of Rocky had a startling twist. One afternoon, a guard was at my cage talking to me about the war and particularly the good treatment given prisoners. I questioned this, saying that the POWs never knew when one of them might be executed. The guard, in defense of his statements, blurted out, "*Khong My chet!*"—No American is dead!

Later, I discovered that this was true. While bathing in a canal I overheard Rocky's voice coming from some huts in a clump of thick vegetation about 100 yards from ours. His "murder" had been staged; it was purely a deception meant to weaken our resistance. (Rocky's days, however, were numbered. In September 1965, we were to learn

from a Radio Hanoi broadcast, monitored by our guards, that he had been executed in retaliation for the execution of three VC terrorists in Danang.)

As the weeks passed, my health began to disintegrate. The diarrhea became so bad that the guards brought me a crock resembling a large flowerpot so that I wouldn't have to be released from the cage five or six times a night to go to the latrine. I also developed a fungus infection which began like ringworm, spreading rapidly until the raised red areas linked up in a patch extending from my knees to my arms. The constant itching became almost unbearable.

Curiously, after losing a lot of weight, I began to fill out again, although there had been no change in our diet: rice twice a day with *nuoc mam*, a kind of salty fish gruel, and an occasional piece of fish. I felt extremely tired, however, and noticed pains in my lower legs. Within a few months, I had practically ceased to urinate, and the weight was an abnormal swelling in my legs and abdomen. I had beriberi, and was bloated with stored fluid.

A VC medic, whom we called "Ben Casey," treated me with injections of strychnine and vitamin B1. Within three hours, I was experiencing the most intense pain in my legs, and shortly after dark I began urinating, continuing through the night. The result was a thoroughly emaciated American. I stared at my skinny arms and legs in horror; the

rapid transition made my poor physical condition even more evident.

Dan was in bad shape, too. Once, for resisting being put in irons, he was strung up from trees outside his cage, spread-eagled, his wrists and ankles bound with wire that cut so deeply it left scars. Worse, however, was the slow starvation. He was little more than bone, and I was reminded of pictures I had seen of Dachau. Any exertion left him exhausted. Late in December, our camp came under attack by American helicopters, and we had to flee into the jungle for four days; then we were moved to a new camp. Dan passed out, going into a near coma for almost two weeks.

Late in January 1965, we moved back to the area where we had been captured, and in March our political indoctrination began again. Dan and I were taken to a hut and introduced to a man named Mr. Hai. He fixed us with a frigid stare. "I can kill you. I can torture you," he said coldly. "But no, I choose to allow you to fulfill the requirements of the Front and display your knowledge on certain questions."

Back in my cage, I was given paper, ball-point pen, and a questionnaire entitled "My Revelation," which asked for biographical and military data, and essay-type answers dealing with religion, politics and economics. I read and reread the form, fitting my cover story into the framework. Then I began on the essay questions and merrily scribbled inane comments about

home economics, mechanical drawing, and other courses I had—and had not—taken in high school.

On April 9, I again met with Mr. Hai. Dan was already there, and I sat with him on the floor. Mr. Hai looked at me with a malefic stare. Suddenly he slammed the papers down on his desk. His eyes flamed. "This is useless! You have not shown repentance! You continue to resist the Front!" His voice lashed out, carrying a physical impact with each word. "I can no longer allow you to live under the lenient policy. You will go where conditions will reflect your attitude."

I was sent to a separate camp, which I named the Salt Mines. It consisted of just four huts, one of them the familiar barred cage. Dan did not accompany me, but on May 15 another American was brought in, bedraggled but still defiant. This was Sgt. Dave Davila,\* who had first been captured in December 1964. He was a helicopter gunner, from Hawaii. He had escaped from a nearby camp, and had evaded capture for two days. His punishment was to be sent to the Salt Mines.

Two and a half months of utter hopelessness followed. The guards no longer talked about release. Our diet was reduced, and both Dave and I knew we were slowly starving. My fungus infection became much worse, threatening to cover my face and eyes. For days at a time there

was no water to drink. I could feel the lining of my mouth drying and tightening as the weeks passed.

We both knew that we couldn't survive much longer. An attempt to escape, whatever the result, would be better than rotting away. I had been planning for months, and in rare meetings Dave and I began to lay the groundwork, sketching rough maps, hiding bits of dried fish. By late August 1965, we were ready.

### No Exit

THE NIGHT of the 28th was perfect. Rainstorms which rolled in at half-hour intervals would cover any noise we might make. The guards were all in their hut by the kitchen, leaving the path to the canal open. With my last bit of hoarded ink in an old piece of ball-point-pen filler, I drew out a false escape route. This I was going to drop near my cage as we left, hoping the guards would find it. It might keep them off our backs for a couple of extra hours.

About midnight, Dave's voice came softly: "Ready, Nicko?" We checked our gear and slid into the dark. The paper with the false route was lying outside the cage as if I'd dropped it accidentally. Our guard was curled up, asleep.

The night was totally black. It took us about ten minutes to cover the 60 feet to the reed-lined canal. Once there, we moved more rapidly, but found the canal less clearly defined the farther we got from camp. Dave suggested heading overland, going what we thought would

\*The names Dave Davila, Tim Barker and Ben Wilkes have been fictionalized to protect the families of the actual prisoners.



be due east until we hit a larger north-south canal which we could follow. We decided to try it, and found ourselves in a tangle of ferns and reeds. We sounded like a herd of elephants as we splashed through them. The mosquitoes were like a second skin, driving their stingers into every inch of our bodies.

We tried to move faster, but we were both tiring rapidly. "Don't let me stop," Dave gasped. Exhausted, we pushed on through high grass, reeds and clumps of trees, driven by the thought of freedom. After two hours, we came upon a canal; but we could no longer tell if it ran north to south or east to west. We moved on through the reeds, hoping that we were heading east.

At last the sky lightened, and I decided to climb a tree, checking for the sunrise that should be ahead of us. As I reached a vantage point, I almost wept. The sun was breaking through the clouds *behind* us. We had been traveling west. Worse, I saw the distinct path we'd left in the tall grass. It marked our trail as if we had left road signs.

Desperately, I tramped out several false trails from our main path, terminating each in an area where the grass stopped and where we could conceivably have continued without making a distinct trail. We then backtracked for about 100 yards, and headed due south, making certain to close the grass over our path as we moved away.

I cursed at our slow pace. I could picture the guards, like a bunch of

bloodhounds, rapidly sweeping the area.

We had traveled another hour when we heard voices from a boat along a canal that we had just crossed. They had got near us too damn fast.

I couldn't think of anything that would aid us in evading them now, aside from a tremendous amount of luck. Dave and I camouflaged the narrow trail we had made into a dense clump of ferns, then lay down in the water, covered to our necks, with our heads pressed in close to the ferns. All we could do was wait.

I could hear my heart thumping as the voices came closer. I thought of the movies I'd seen as a young boy about the war in the Pacific, and how the hero had always miraculously escaped. What happened in real life?

A guard we called "Cheeta" suddenly broke into the patch of grass,

his Russian burp gun carried in a ready position. Behind him came two other guards. More voices from the south. Another group was sweeping in to link up. I was suddenly very tired, very sick.

Cheetah shouted in alarm and jumped back. He had almost stepped on Dave. The others rushed over, training their guns on him as he unwillingly got to his feet. "Where's Rowe?" Cheetah demanded. "*Tôi khùng hieu*"—I don't understand—Dave replied in a lifeless voice.

The guards fixed bayonets and began to tramp through the ferns, jabbing at the water. I was only six feet away, sliding backward through the undergrowth as quietly as possible when one of them tripped over me. Instantly there were bayonets all around my face, and I was ordered to my feet.

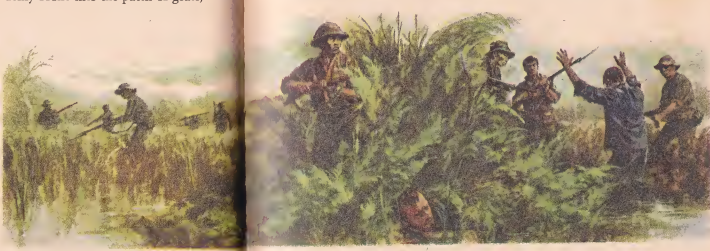
Dave sank to his knees utterly

exhausted, only half conscious. A guard named "Leo" shouted for him to stand, pointing his burp gun at him. I knelt beside him and lifted an eyelid. I saw nothing but white; he was passing out.

I told Cheetah I would have to help him. Instead, they bound my arms at the elbows. Dave started to slump, and I bent to catch him. Leo insisted that Dave stand without assistance.

"Dave, get up," I almost begged. He remained leaning against my leg, breathing in shallow gasps. Leo was watching triumphantly. It looked hopeless.

"Sergeant Davila!" I snapped. The guards looked shocked, hearing the sharp command from the filthy, tattered figure before them. Dave's hand moved, grasping at my calf. "Don't quit!" I cried. I bent my knee, giving him something to hang onto. Deep strain twisted his mouth. His hand found the bend in my



arm. He clung, pulled, and with his face contorted almost beyond recognition, stood upright, leaning heavily. The guards were silent, but I felt like cheering.

### A Greater Power

For six days after that, I was held in leg and arm irons. My arms were pulled back and upward while my feet and legs were stretched painfully in the opposite direction. It was like being on a rack. I was released only to eat twice a day—rice with salt and almost no water. I was not allowed to go to the latrine. So, for that period, still suffering from dysentery, I lay encrusted in my own filth.

If I were to repent of my crime, I was told, and to promise that I would never try to escape again, the Front would be lenient with me. I replied that I'd rather die trying to regain my freedom than starve in a prison camp. Then, late one night, the guard who had been on duty when we escaped came into my cage and kicked me viciously twice in the ribs. I decided enough was enough, and agreed to their terms, if both Dave and I would be allowed to resume our normal prisoners' life.

A guard handed me a piece of soap and a towel and told me to bathe. I felt a sudden catch in my throat and turned away, ashamed at the urge to cry. The relief was so beautiful!

I looked toward Dave's cage and saw him sitting by the door. He was

a skeleton. The escape had pushed him to the limit. In his eyes was the reflection of the last months in the punishment camp, the slow death there, the near death in front of Leo's submachine gun, and now this. It was a tightening vise that left a man no place to turn, no hope for maintaining the shreds of individuality, self-esteem or belief without sacrificing his life for that privilege.

On September 7, 1965, we were taken back to a camp we called the No K Corral and rejoined Dan Pitzer and another American prisoner, a black master sergeant, Edward "John" Johnson. John was in leg irons because he was thought to be an accessory in Dave's earlier escape attempt.

The morning of January 8, all of us heard a deep voice speaking English in the guard area. The man was talking extremely slowly, almost as if he were drugged. One of the guards called Dan over, and a few minutes later he reappeared at the edge of the compound. I caught my breath in shock. There, clinging to Dan's shoulder, was a hulk of human wreckage, a huge bone structure covered with tightly stretched, fungus-infected skin. What must have been a grin of joy at seeing other Americans looked like a leering death's head. The deep voice echoed from the cavernous chest. "God! Americans!"

This was our introduction to Capt. Tim Barker, U.S. Army, captured a year before. One look at him and a strong feeling of kinship and

responsibility swept through us. He must have lost at least 80 pounds, and his festering fungus sores were alarming. The first thing we did was to get him a bath and some clean clothing.

I spoke to the cadre about medication for Tim, and on January 13 we were given vitamins, a horse-liver extract and several bottles of a fungicidal liquid. Our days now became a struggle to keep Tim alive. But a year of imprisonment and starvation had destroyed his will to live.

On the morning of February 4, I went to Tim's net to help him get out and eat. He was crouching at the rear of the net, his eyes enormous, his pupils dilated. "I don't want any rice!" he gasped. "I won't eat it!" Then he curled up in a tight ball and began to have spasms from the waist down, his legs twitching and jerking. Dan slipped in beside me and called for John to get "Intern," a VC medic. He arrived with a syringe of respiratory stimulant, injected it and left. Tim's chest began to heave for a moment, then slowed and stopped. We rolled him onto his stomach, and I began artificial respiration. "Don't . . . die! Don't . . . die!" The rhythm went through my mind as I applied pressure, then released.

Intern came back and told us to carry Tim to the canal, where he would be put in a boat and taken to a "hospital." But as we placed him in the boat and shaded his head with

a sleeping mat, I knew it would be the last time we would see Tim.

A few weeks later, Dave Davila began to have a problem with rice. He would eat and vomit, try again and vomit again until he finally got the rice to stay down. Soon he began to remain all day in his net, except when he had to go to the latrine. Then he refused to eat, just as Tim Barker had done. I went to see Major Bay, the camp commander, telling him another American would die unless he was given adequate food. His reply was an apologetic refusal.

I returned determined not to let Dave die. We had been through the Mines together, survived the escape attempt, and made it through the "correction" period. I knew he could lick the physical problem, but the psychological one was tougher—Tim Barker had shown Dave a new way to escape. I prayed for an idea that might help this Hawaiian boy get back to the islands he loved.

On the night of March 19, Dave's condition worsened and he became incoherent. It was agonizing to lie there in leg irons and listen to a man die, calling the names of old friends, his mind a thousand miles away from this hell. In the morning I tried to feed him, but it was impossible. He couldn't even get a cup of water down. Intern arrived, and decided that Dave also had to be moved to the "hospital."

I gathered his belongings in a small bundle, and we carried him to the canal. As we lifted him into

the boat, he clung to my forearm with a grip far beyond anything I imagined possible. Suddenly I realized that it was the ancient warrior's arm clasp. Dave was bidding me farewell. I gripped his forearm in return and asked for God's blessing.

The impact of this second death drove our morale to abysmal depths. I felt bitterness and hatred building, feeding off the constant frustrations and anxiety. I knew that I could destroy myself if I allowed such negative emotions to dominate my thinking. So I turned to the one positive force our captors could never challenge: God.

I had never questioned religion, nor had I ever really accepted it. It was something I had lived with, because that's the way things were done. Now I was left with only the intangibles which form the core of our existence: faith, ethics, morals. I could only turn to the Power I believed to be so far greater than that which imprisoned me. After Dave's death, I really began to believe: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

### Let Nothing You Dismay

THE next months—indeed the next year and a half—were a constant struggle as first one, then another of us succumbed to illness and sought desperately to find enough to eat to sustain the will to live. All of us suffered in varying degrees, and late in the year we lost a third man, a black staff sergeant named Ben Wilkes. He had joined

us in September in reasonably good health. However, in November he began to show the familiar signs of withdrawal. We fought to get proper food and medication for him, but on the night of December 31 he died in camp.

Political indoctrination during 1966 and 1967 continued as before. The guards would bring the camp radio over for us to hear the English broadcast by Radio Hanoi. This was supposed to keep us abreast of the conflict so that we might evaluate the validity of the lessons taught us. For the first time, we learned of the anti-war movement in the United States. Hanoi reported protests on campuses across the nation, which we took as normal exaggeration, but it stayed with us where the battle reports didn't.

Major Bay conducted several classes on "the just cause of the revolution and the injustice of the U.S. dirty war of aggression." He always claimed that no North Vietnamese troops were present in South Vietnam, and there were specific instructions to the cadre to deny any link with the Communist Party of Vietnam, headed by Ho Chi Minh. This link was the first thing an American prisoner looked for to justify his own beliefs. If the VC could convince him that a communist-inspired insurgency didn't even exist, the rest of the POW's beliefs could be attacked.

Had I not understood some Vietnamese, I might have missed hearing the daily political classes attended

by the guards in which the doctrine, "*Marx-it, Le-nin-it*," was taught to even the youngest. It was incongruous to hear the cadre teaching Marxist philosophy to the guards one hour and denying any connection with communism in the next when talking with Americans. The fact that the cadre felt the need to lie strengthened my conviction that I was right in my beliefs.

On September 14, 1967, the first indications of some big event began to unfold. A group of high-level interrogators and a VC journalist paid us a visit. Dan and John Johnson met with them together, and then, separately, so did I and Jim Jackson, a Special Forces medic who had joined us a month earlier. The journalist, who spoke English, informed me that these men were representatives of the Central Committee and had come to the camp to determine our condition and review our "progress." They asked me a few func-

tory questions, and seemed to be bored by my answers. Then I was told that my attitude had been judged unsatisfactory.

Nonetheless, their visit sparked speculation about the possibility of release, and our hopes seemed justified, for soon our diet was improved. A second indicator was that John suddenly declared that he couldn't eat, and began vomiting. This time, medication came into the camp in amounts and types exceeding anything we had seen in all the other years combined.

On October 18, Mr. Hai reappeared to see if John was well enough to travel. That was the tip-off to what followed. Preparations were made by the guards for a trip, and the next day Dan, Jim and John attended a special meeting with Mr. Hai and some cadre who had arrived with him. That afternoon my summons came, too.

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I sat on a stool before the cadre, while Mr. Hai translated:

"You are POW Rowe, and you are here to learn the decision of the National Front for Liberation of South Vietnam. Your comrades are no longer prisoners. They are to be released under the lenient policy of the Front and allowed to return to their homes and loved ones."

I knew what was coming, but it was still a shock. "You have shown a bad attitude," Mr. Hai continued. "You have foolishly tried to escape. You cannot recognize the just cause of the revolution. For these reasons you cannot be released."

He paused, then added, "Do not think that merely because the war ends you will go home. You can remain here after the war."

I felt like sliding through the floor poles. The thought of staying here alone until I died was terrifying.

That evening I ate my last meal with the other three. I gave Dan a

message for my parents, and wished them all a heartfelt Godspeed on their journey to freedom. Late that night, they climbed into a boat and were gone. On November 3, I was told that they had reached Cambodia and would soon be home.

The loneliness after they left produced an overwhelming depression. At the same time, I was happy that they were free. I knew that none of them had bought the line that the cadre was throwing at us. The basic question of right and wrong was not in doubt, even after the VC began bringing in their reports of a "second front" in the United States which was growing in its support for the NLF. Our association with the Vietcong had proved beyond a doubt where the source of hypocrisy and evil lay.

Christmas was approaching, and I planned to celebrate it no matter what the circumstances. My theme song became, "God rest you merry,

gentlemen, let nothing you dismay..." The day before Christmas, I spent the morning catching enough of the tiny *ca ro* fish for a substantial surplus. I was declaring the next day a holiday. I made a wreath out of tree branches and pieces of colored thread. Purple wild grapes took the place of holly berries. I thought it looked damn well.

As I prepared the evening meal, I sang Christmas carols, picturing the brightly lighted tree at my parents' home, the table spread with food and, most important, the people. The fireplace in our living room was the window through which I saw Mom and Dad, seated on the couch, as the small dancing flames of my cooking fire became the roaring blaze on our hearth.

Mr. Hai had given me some cookies and tea to celebrate, "just like you do in America." I made the tea and offered a cup to my guard, Cheeta, with some cookies. He was surprised, but ate them with obvious enjoyment. Then he locked me in my leg irons for the night.

### The Enemy Within

I now entered a terrible period of harassment and pressure to force a compromising statement from me. Adding to my torment, my fungus infection again developed into a serious problem. It covered most of my body except for my head, and the itching sensation was so exasperating that I began scraping the sores with pieces of wood, tearing and gouging until pain replaced

that infernal itching. My fingernails had been eaten away by the infection, and I had only three toenails remaining. I felt that I was being devoured alive.

The political lessons became almost more than I could take, as I had to sit and listen to the guards degrade my country and voice their confidence in our defeat. I was troubled by the increased use of American sources to substantiate the violence that seemed to be erupting across the United States. I began hearing more statements alleged to have been made by U.S. Senators and Congressmen, not only opposing our presence in Vietnam, but supporting the NLF. Supposed commentary by the AP and UPI mocked American troop actions and gave strong credit to the VC.

The guards and cadre made maximum use of these reports, realizing the valuable weapon they had been given in their efforts to break the will of an American prisoner.

During the Tet offensive, the news got worse. I heard that the NLF had hit major cities over the length of Vietnam (despite their own proposed seven-day cease-fire). City after city was being overrun, the South Vietnamese forces were disintegrating and the American command was in turmoil.

Confused and anxious, unable to sleep, I developed a case of dysentery which soon became unbearable. I was denied medication unless I wrote an "appeal" to U.S. servicemen to go home. I resisted at first,

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but at last consented, signing the message just as my keepers wrote it, leaving in every grammatical error and inaccuracy. I felt lost when I gave them the paper.

News continued to pour in. Khesan was being touted as a second Dienbienphu. The assassination of Robert Kennedy was carried on all broadcasts for several days. I sat stupefied. First President Kennedy, then Martin Luther King, now Bobby. My United States was being turned upside down. Escape was a remote dream, for I was told that the Tet offensive had broken Saigon's control of the countryside. Even if I did escape, there would be no place to go.

Finally, on August 18, Mr. Hai—who had once said, "I can kill you. I can torture you"—returned to camp, and I was called before him. I listened as he went through his main points: the hopeless struggle, the anti-war movement, President Johnson's decision not to run for re-election. I could feel the confusion building, the feeling of having to defend something that perhaps wasn't defensible.

"And now," Hai continued, "you must write for me your thoughts on the war and how it can be resolved. You must recognize the unjust cause of the U.S. imperialists, who sent you to die so that they might become enriched. You must believe that my recommendations are well received by the Central Committee and, if you show progress, you can be released."

The desire for release was strong, and writing what he wanted was the only way I could see to come out alive. The reasons I'd had for being willing to hang on, no matter what came, had been torn away from me. I couldn't condemn my country, and yet I didn't want to die for supporting a lost cause. "Mr. Hai, I can't write those things." The words were out before I realized I'd said them. I panicked as I saw the coldness come into his eyes.

He retrieved his paper without speaking, then looked at me with a slight smile, confident in his control of the situation. "Go back to your house," he said. "We will talk again about this matter."

### The Cruellest Blow

THAT night my clothes and mosquito net were taken from me. Mr. Hai, the s.o.b., had set this up. I cursed under my breath as the first group of mosquitoes bit into my exposed skin. I could actually feel the pulpy mass in my hand each time I slapped at a concentration of 50 or more. There was not a portion of my body that wasn't bitten. Blood and crushed mosquito bodies smeared my skin, and this drove the new arrivals into a frenzy.

The hours wore on without relief. The rough metal of my irons made raw red stripes on my legs as I twisted and turned. My diarrhea broke loose, and I was unable to make the crock I used at night. The odor, the filth, the stings, the hopelessness made me want to cry out.

"— you, Mr. Hai, and all your ancestors!" That was my final coherent thought before I was aroused by a guard.

My clothes were given back, and later I was ordered to Mr. Hai's hut. His countenance was a mask of innocence as he said, "I see your face is swollen. Why do you not use your mosquito net?" Then he launched into his spiel for several hours, ending by saying, "Now you can write for me what you have learned in our discussion."

"Mr. Hai, I'm tired," I said, "and can't really think straight."

His voice cut like a knife. "You must not try the patience of the Front! Consider carefully your path."

That night was a repeat of the previous one. My clothes and net were taken again. Forewarned, I hid a bottle of kerosene from my lamp in the cage to be used as insect repellent. I also made a smoke pot containing coals from my supper fire. Exhausted, I fell asleep.

I awoke with a start, covered with mosquitoes. I had hundreds of bites across my eyelids and face. I gave in to a sudden urge and dug at my arms with a wooden scraper. Before I realized the extent of my scratching, I had opened a strip of oozing, sticky fungus and mosquito-bite welts.

"Mr. Hai," I asked in the morning, "am I being punished for something?"

"You are a criminal," he replied. "The U.S. aggressors have brought much suffering to our country, and

they must pay their blood debts. If you do not repent your crimes, the Front can no longer allow you to enjoy the lenient policy."

No longer enjoy the *lenient* policy!

For a third night I suffered without my clothes or net. During brief periods of rationality, my one clear thought was: "I've got to stop this." I decided to make a trade, giving Mr. Hai something he wanted—in as ambiguous a form as possible—in exchange for relief and sleep.

The next morning I indicated my willingness to write for him, and the following day, after a satisfying rest, I listed the events of the war as Hai had related them. (A few days earlier, for example, he had told me: "In the dry-season counter-offensive launched by the imperialist aggressors in 1966 and 1967, 28 U.S. battalions were totally annihilated and 85,243 U.S. and satellite troops were wiped out.")

I had reached the point where the war in Vietnam was a mass of confusion in my mind. I had to buy time and try to get my physical condition under control. Mr. Hai left, and for two weeks I fed myself as well as I could and treated my ailments. He returned late in August with five lessons—"corrections" to my thoughts. The sessions ran through the days and into the nights. I knew I'd lie naked to the mosquitoes again unless he got what he wanted. There was too much to fight at one time. I wrote in my diary later: "Sessions a mental meat

grinder—repeat, repeat, repeat—write. Enough truth to confuse the rest—certain points are unclear as compared with before—*have* to know *our* side!”

I still remembered the enemy and how I had come to despise what they were doing to this country. I knew of their “justice”: the summary execution of anyone they labeled an “enemy of the people.” And I knew that the 14 million South Vietnamese would become non-voting members of a communist state if the NLF took over.

I also knew what was expected of me: the loyalty and devotion to country and duty that an officer must exemplify. But I had come here in 1963 as an adviser; the war was no longer one I could comprehend, and the American people apparently had rejected it, condemning the government and supporting the demands of the Vietcong. In my situation, that apparent rejection was the cruelest blow of all.

### The Script That Failed

Mr. HAI left again, but returned a few days later and announced that I was to prepare for a “three-day excursion.” The Central Committee had decided that I had progressed, but that my “writing” was still incomplete. So I was to be taken to my old post at Tan Phu, which had been overrun and the area “liberated,” in order to see the “reality of the situation in South Vietnam.”

We left on September 14 by boat. Hai explained the ground rules: no

talking to civilians, keep my head lowered, look repentant in the presence of civilians, and rely on the cadre to protect me from the wrath of the people.

We spent the first night in a nearby village, then continued the journey. I didn’t recognize the terrain until we came to a point where our canal intersected with a larger one and Hai pointed to a reed-covered bank. “There is Tan Phu post,” he declared. I stared in disbelief. There wasn’t anything there—no concrete bunkers, no watchtower, no people or animals, only the reeds swaying in the hot breeze. This was the “total destruction” I had heard about when the cadre told me the camp had been overrun. Tan Phu had ceased to exist.

Hai took advantage of my surprise to emphasize the NLF’s strength as proved by their ability to wipe out the post. I had no reply, since it was obvious that nothing had been spared, and the confidence they had shown traveling through this zone seemed justified.

At dusk, we stopped at a village where the people were holding a meeting to discuss the revolution. This would be dangerous for me, Hai cautioned, since the villagers hated Americans. When he mentioned the name of the village, I was startled. We had run medical patrols to it in 1963, bringing food and clothing, and had developed quite some rapport with the people.

When we arrived, Hai spoke to the assembled crowd, pleading with

them to realize that I was a prisoner and was learning of the crimes I had committed in order to repent and join the Vietnamese in their struggle for freedom. There was silence from the people as rows of curious eyes fastened on me. Then, suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and flinched. A voice behind my ear asked, “*Manh khong, Trung-Uy?*”—Are you all right, Lieutenant? Weak-kneed, I managed to nod. The hand patted me and there was one word: “*Tot*”—Good.

Then I was roughly pushed out beside Hai by a guard and exhibited as a prize of war. A commotion broke out to my right, and a scrawny man leaped from the crowd with his fist upraised, screaming, “Down with the American imperialists!” I tensed, awaiting the blow. But nothing happened. I glanced up, and the man was standing in front of me, his fist still clenched. This unusual tableau continued until all at once a cadre stepped forward—belatedly—and blurted out, “My compatriots, restrain your anger. Do not strike the prisoner.”

It was like a grade-school play during which someone had missed his cue. When the cadre finished, the man in front of me was even more uncertain what to do next. Finally, he managed a sheepish grin and shuffled back into the crowd. Someone laughed.

Hai had just begun a closing speech when an old grandmother, chewing betelnut, walked up to me, and poked a bony finger into my

ribs. She squeezed my forearm until she touched bone. “Do you mistreat him?” she asked sharply. “I remember this boy when he came to our hamlet. He was strong, and now he looks weak and sick.”

A chuckle went through the crowd at the idea of this little old lady putting a powerful leader in a tight situation.

Hai slipped into his standard line. “You must remember that the Americans are criminals. But the Front is lenient....”

The old woman interrupted him. “I know what it is to be hungry and sick, and there is no leniency in inflicting that on another.” Hai looked desperately at me. “Tell her you are well treated,” he ordered. I lowered my head and looked repentant.

Two days later, I was back in my forest cage, not knowing what to expect next, but feeling better equipped to deal with my confusion about the war. I had seen the vast difference between what the cadre wished me to believe and what actually existed. These people had known nothing but war for two decades, and out of its destruction they had always rebuilt. I had seen, if only in this area, the spark of resistance still burning. If they, in a communist-controlled zone, were willing to resist, I was now, as I had been in 1963, willing to help.

### Betrayed

ONE morning, a few weeks after my trip to Tan Phu, I was called to a meeting in the guards’ mess hall.

Entering the hut, I saw not only Hai and several other cadres, but also an older man in his late 50s sitting at the head of the table. All the guards from the immediate area were gathered, too. I had been thinking constantly of release, but I felt only animosity from the assembled group.

The man at the head of the table spoke: "I am a representative of the Central Committee, and have come to say a few words to you. It is fortunate for us that the peace- and justice-loving friends of the South Vietnam Front for National Liberation in America have provided us with information which leads us to believe you have lied to us."

My throat constricted, and my stomach wrenched. The guards' eyes all seemed to be boring into mine.

"According to what we know, you are not an Engineer. You were not assigned to the many universities which you have listed for us. You have much military training which you deny. The location of your family is known. You were an officer of the American Special Forces. Your father's name is Lee, and your mother's, Florence."

The words became a blur. He was picking me to pieces. Desperately, I tried to remember the points he attacked, so I could build some sort of answer, but there was no way to cover all of them.

After five years of captivity, my whole miserable world had collapsed. Who would give them in-

formation about me? An American wouldn't do that to one of his own. I could understand opposition to war and a strong desire for peace. Dissent was a part of American life, but to support the enemy at the expense of another American was inconceivable. Yet there was no other place the VC could have got their information. I felt sick.

Shortly thereafter, I discovered a frightening new development. During mealtime, the guards spent at least 40 minutes in their mess hut, leaving me alone. Periodically, I went to their sleeping hut during this interval and leafed through the papers they kept in a .30-caliber ammunition box. In this way I was able to determine roughly what action of major importance was pending.

One day in December, I was quickly checking the new papers in the box when one caught my eye. My name was on it! I read the heading and saw that it had come from the political office of the headquarters zone. I scanned the words, trying to decipher the sentences relating to me. "*Sang chuyen*"—to transfer. "*Ban dan dich van*." I was to be transferred to the Enemy and Civilian Proselyting Section at headquarters. Transfer meant the VC felt that the resources to deal with me at this level had been exhausted. I knew that at headquarters there was no pretense of "leniency and humanitarianism." I could expect to give them what they wanted or face execution.

### Out of the Forest of Darkness

THE morning of December 31, 1968 was dark and cold as my guard, nicknamed "Porky," unlocked my leg irons. We were camped atop a low bank formed by the mud dug from a canal years before and now covered with the same cattail and bamboo reeds that filled the fields on both sides of us. A faint glimmer of a fire brushed the reeds with an orange glow. I could hear the other guards talking in low voices.

For ten days our area had been under intensive, deadly attack by B-52s, F-100s and helicopter gunships. We had been forced to leave our camp, keeping on the move during the day, bivouacking where we could at night. Rice was running short; we were limited to one meal a day, and as the food supply dwindled so did my value to the VC.

I was just cleaning my eating cup when I heard the sound of helicopters. They were heading almost straight for us. My throat went dry, even though the sound had been a common one during the past days.

The piercing foghorn-like sound of a mini-gun, the electronic multi-barreled machine gun, caused all heads to snap in its direction. The aircraft had found something.

An HU-1A (Huey) command ship orbited in wide circles above us, observing the action. Below it, four smaller choppers flew in pairs, sweeping back and forth across a huge field near us, almost touching the reeds. The first ship was blow-

ing the reeds apart with the violent downdraft from its rotor blades and, as the reeds parted, the trailing ship would gun down anything that showed.

It was obvious that I, wearing Vietnamese pajamas, would look like one of the VC to a pilot, and my deeply tanned face, even with a beard, would be just another horror-stricken VC face. On the other hand, the guards had a standing order to kill an American prisoner if they couldn't guarantee his security. My chance for survival looked slim.

A Light Observation Helicopter made a pass directly over us. I was flat on the ground, my back crawling in anticipation of the rain of steel that would follow. Reeds were battered down all around us by the prop wash, exposing our bodies to the trailing gunship. They began firing, but apparently at targets in the next field. Cold sweat covered my face. I heard one of the younger guards, his voice soft, sobbing, "*Ma, ma*." How lost he sounded. How strange that he turned back to the source of love and comfort he had known before joining this revolution.

Porky, who was monitoring a radio, announced, "Troops are being sent into the area!" Mr. Sau, the military cadre, at once ordered us to move out, crossing to the field of reeds behind us. The idea was to get as much distance between us and our campsite as possible.

It was a confused exodus, and I noticed that discipline was disintegrating. The helicopters continued

their hunt, causing us to crouch frequently in the thigh-deep water. Sau still maintained a weak grip on the reins of authority, but the muttering behind me from Porky and another guard indicated their dissatisfaction with his leadership.

Sau called a halt, and had a guard climb a low tree to observe. I turned to Porky. "It is dangerous to put him where the helicopters will see him."

Porky's face was stoic. "Sau is not a wise soldier," he said. A break in confidence between cadre and guard! If only I could exploit it.

We set off again, and I could hear Porky muttering to himself as we slogged through the murky water. I frequently pointed out maneuvers which I had noticed the choppers using, assuring Porky that Sau was going to get us killed. Porky told me to be quiet, but after a while we began to fall farther behind the main group. I said a quick prayer, asking the Lord to do what He would—I was going to try my best.

I stopped and turned to Porky, whose face was upturned, watching the gunships. "I'm afraid to follow Sau any farther, because the helicopters will spot him soon. If we go by ourselves, making a small trail, you will be able to fight later, while the others will be dead." I paused, studying his face for reaction.

"Di!" Porky commanded—Go! He was pointing to the left, perpendicular to our line of travel and away from the main group! I followed, first taking my mosquito net out of my pack. It would be wise to



wave something white at the helicopters instead of my black shirt.

Porky was breaking the reeds ahead of me, opening the minimum path that would allow us to pass. His attention was divided between the trail and the helicopters, and I found myself ignored. He had slung his burp gun across his back and was bent forward, enabling him to use both hands as he tunneled through the grass. The weapon was temptingly exposed, and from the position of the bolt I could see that there was no round in the chamber. All I had to do was get rid of his magazine! I reached forward and tripped the release at the rear of the magazine. Porky straightened up seconds later, and as he stepped forward the magazine dropped unnoticed into the water. I stepped on it as I passed, grinding it into the mud.

Now the choppers appeared to be making wider circles, skirting the fringes of this field as if preparing to transfer their operation to another area or to depart entirely. I couldn't allow that. I searched the clumps of reeds for one of the numerous short fragments of dead tree branches, selecting a short limb, almost two inches in diameter. I stepped quickly behind Porky. The sharp blow caught him at the base of the skull. He sagged and dropped without making a sound. I chopped him twice with the edge of my hand, delivering the blows to the side of his neck below the jawbone. I didn't intend to kill him, but as I laid him across the reeds, I noticed

blood running from his mouth and nostrils. It was too late to worry about it now.

I moved quickly across a narrow ditch and leveled an area of reeds which allowed me to see the helicopters. Then I began to wave my white mosquito net wildly. One of the gunships passed overhead and banked sharply, circling me. It was joined by a second sleek craft, and now my heart was beating so hard I thought my whole body would vibrate. "They've seen me! I'm okay! They've seen me!" I was exuberant, and waved even more frantically.

Up in the helicopters—I learned later—the radio crackled into life. "There's a VC down there in the open."

From the other ship came the reply, "Gun him!"

Then from the command ship came the voice of Maj. Dave Thompson, group flight commander. "Wait. I want a VC prisoner. Cover me. I'm going down."

The helicopters swept the surrounding terrain, laying a devastating hail of bullets on the hidden VC who were firing at the descending ship. I watched as the Huey circled wide around me, then lined up for a low pass. The door gunners kept their fingers against the triggers of their machine guns as they waited to foil any trap. Suddenly one of them, looking down, spotted my beard.

"Wait, sir!" The shout went over the microphone with a unique ur-



gency. "That's an *American!*" The response was immediate.

I saw the helicopter swing into a tight, low turn, braving the fire directed against it, and settle to the edge of the water not more than 15 yards from me. I ran, stumbling, seeing nothing but the interior of the chopper. I dived onto the cool metal flooring and heard myself shouting, "Go! Go!"

The chopper lifted off. I watched as the trees and reeds began to drop away beneath the speeding craft. After five years I was out of the "Forest of Darkness." How many times I had looked up at airplanes, wishing that I could be in them above the mud, mosquitoes and filth, flying free over the confines of my green prison. Now I could see the

horizon—and the world seemed immense and beautiful.

*Twenty minutes later, Lieutenant Rowe reached the U.S. base at Camau, where he learned that during his imprisonment he had been promoted to major. His first real meals, his first sight of friendly faces, his exuberance at having escaped were almost indescribable experiences. That night, bedded down on a soft, "capitalist-imperialist" mattress, he was unable to sleep, and finally arranged his blankets on the floor.*

*Today Major Rowe is assigned to the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, Department of the Army. He has been awarded the Silver Star and the Bronze Star for his actions as a POW.*



### What Comes Naturally

AN AMERICAN missionary and his family were returning from the former French Camerouns, West Africa. So that the children would not look conspicuous in homemade, native clothes, the mother outfitted them in the latest fashion from a mail-order catalogue. But they soon betrayed their background. As the family walked along a street in Paris, a stopover on their homeward journey, the parents realized that everyone was staring at them. Turning around, they discovered that the two little ones who trailed behind were casually walking along, carrying their suitcases on their heads.

—Contributed by Caroline S. Held

A PERSONAL shopper for a large New York department store caters to problems of foreign diplomats stationed in New York. In her diplomatic dealings, she panicked only once, and that was when she feared she had lost an ambassador while touring the store. Returning by escalator to the place two floors above where she had last seen him, she found her client —politely waving women shoppers onto the escalator before he would descend.

—Rita Reif in *New York Times*

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